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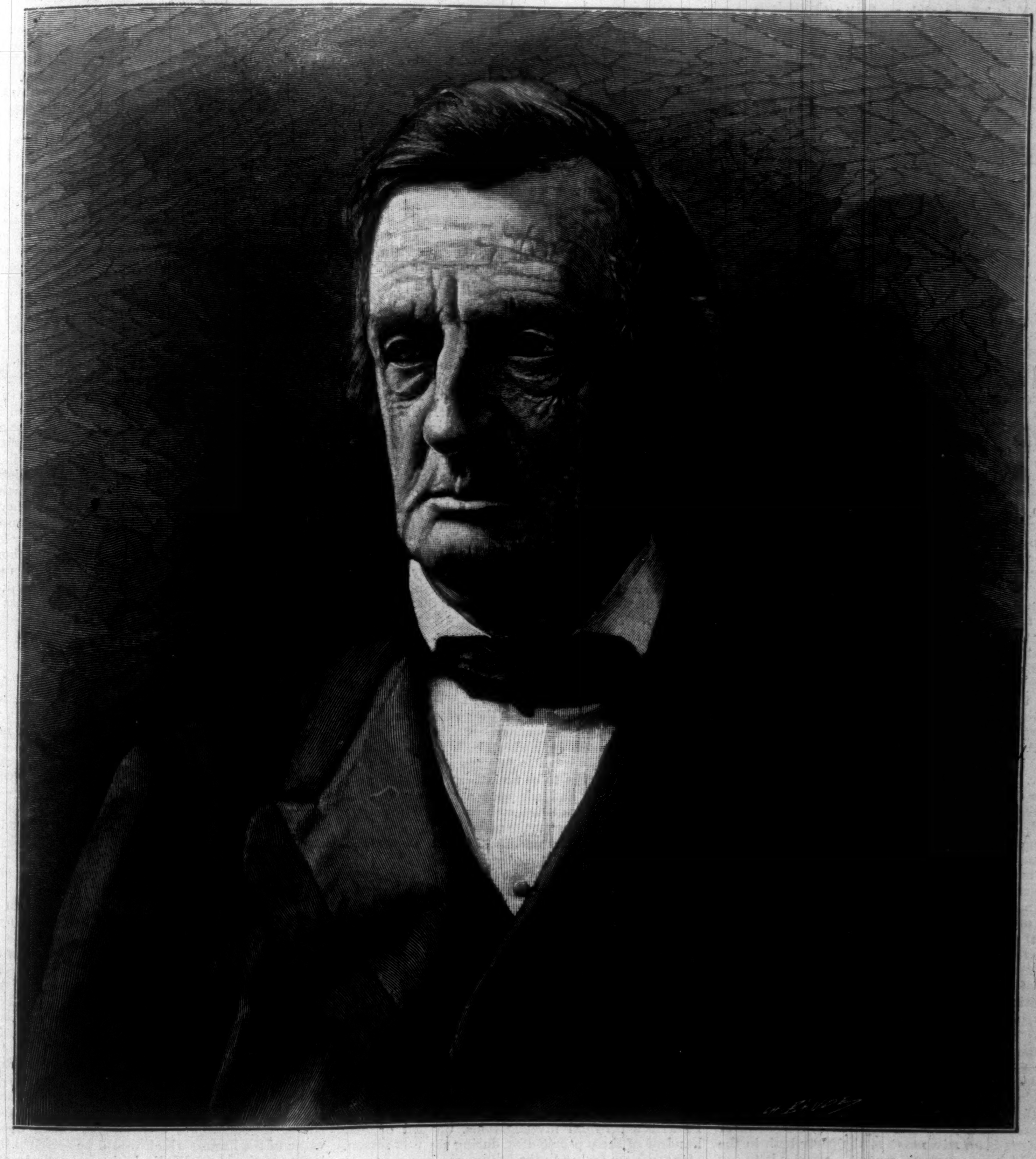

THE HON. WILLIAM M. EVARTS.—ENGRAVED BY CH. BAUDE.—[SEE PAGE 71.]

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1885.

## SENATOR EVARTS.

THE election of Mr. EVARTS as Senator from New York is an important and significant event. It is the triumph of the better sentiment of the Republican party over mere "machine" influence. It involves, indeed, many political feelings and purposes which are not immediately apparent. But Mr. EVARTS's intellectual ability, his public services, and familiarity with public affairs are those of a man of Senatorial quality, and well fit him for the position to which he has been elected. The circumstances of the canvass—which has been very warm, and of a national interest—have shown the changes in the political condition of the State. Old Stalwarts and Half-Breeds have co-operated for and against the result, and four of the most strenuous of the old Stalwart leaders—ex-Governor CORNELL, ex-Senator PLATT, ex-Appraiser DUTCHER, and ex-Marshal PAYN—have been terribly beaten. Their plan is understood to have contemplated the election of Mr. ERWIN as Speaker and Mr. MORTON as Senator, with the nomination of Mr. CORNELL for Governor in the autumn, and of Mr. PLATT for Senator two years hence. The undisputed election of Mr. ERWIN promised a success for the whole scheme which was exceedingly agreeable to the leaders, and the extraordinary conduct of Mr. ERWIN in the appointment of the Assembly committees showed that everything was to be subordinated to the general plan. But the Speaker's work was overdone, and a reaction instantly began. It increased irresistibly until Mr. MORTON's election became impossible, and with his defeat probably disappeared the chance of the nomination of Mr. CORNELL and of Mr. PLATT.

Yet Mr. EVARTS was not the real choice of many who supported him. The contest was essentially a politicians' fight, and Mr. EVARTS is not a politician. He has usually made a speech or two during a campaign, but he has not been a political or party leader. He is known to the party in the State as a distinguished orator and advocate; but he has little personal acquaintance among active politicians, and he has never taken a chief part in shaping the party policy or in determining the party nominations. The circumstances of the Senatorial contest, however, compelled the political managers who opposed the managers who supported Mr. MORTON to avail themselves of every advantage. In the moment of national Republican defeat it was "good politics" to prove, by presenting a candidate of high character and ability and distinction, that the party was not decadent. Such a candidate promised immediate success much more surely than the most skillful politician; and immediate success was the chief object. The election of Mr. EVARTS is an advantage to the party both in the State and in the country, because it enables it to say that it confers its highest honors upon its most unassailable members. The real fight, however, so far as the professional politicians and managers were concerned, was between the wings of old factions. Stalwarts and Half-Breeds, indeed, as we said, were divided. Against the Stalwart leaders that we have named were arrayed Mr. WARREN, Mr. BURLEIGH, and the friends of Mr. ARTHUR. The result involves, therefore, the complete overthrow of the old Stalwarts and the victory of a Half-Breed and Stalwart alliance, and presents the singular spectacle of the common satisfaction of the allied friends of Mr. BLAINE and of Mr. ARTHUR—a satisfaction which is not likely to be agreeable to the friends of Mr. CONKLING.

Meanwhile above factional squabbles is the fact that Republican New York sends to the Senate its most eminent representative, and recovers its Senatorial voice, which has been so long silent. Whatever criticisms may be made upon Mr. EVARTS, it is evident that his election is the best possible issue of the contest. The qualities and characteristics of no public man are better known. At his age men do not change. What he has been he will continue to be. The mere intrigues and management of party will not be promoted or aided by him. But he will be a faithful party follower, as he has always been, and in the great debates upon great public questions in the Senate of the United States, New York will take once more the part which properly belongs to the Empire State.

## A CULPABLE NEGLECT.

THE House of Representatives can find time to try to perplex the President with the form of a bill to place General GRANT upon the retired list, but it can not possibly provide a method to avoid civil convulsion in the event of a disputed Presidential election. In 1876, and again in 1884, there was serious doubt over the result. In 1876 the difficulty was solved by the Electoral Commission. But had there been a real dispute in 1884, as there would have been except for the admirable election laws of New York, no Electoral Commission would have been appointed, and the country would have been very near anarchy. The day for counting the electoral votes and declaring the result of the late election is near, but, as we write, there is no joint rule by which the constitutional function necessary to the continuity of the government can be discharged. Such a rule will be, of course, adopted. But it is certainly strange that the country is so indifferent to one of the most serious perils that threaten it, and which could be so simply and easily averted.

The Senate has unanimously done its duty. It has passed a bill which is thoroughly just and reasonable and constitutional, which confers no party advantage, and which disposes of the whole difficulty. The House declined to concur in it, and does not act. This inaction and the evident inclination of Mr. EATON, of Connecticut, who interposed a bill to obstruct the passage of the Senate bill, to secure some party benefit, are illustrations of mere party folly. No party action could have been so sensible as the prompt passage of the EDMUNDS bill by the House. It would have been the earnest of an intelligent comprehension of the situation, and of an ability to deal effectively with public questions, which would have commanded the attention and have won the confidence of the country. There are two serious questions that may arise during the electoral count, that of a disputed return and that of a double return. The Constitution evidently does not mean to commit the decision to one House only. No return, therefore, should be rejected except by the concurrent vote of the two Houses. But to avoid so far as possible the question of disputed returns before Congress, the EDMUNDS bill provides for the settlement of disputes by State authority before they reach Congress.

In case of double returns from a State, the EDMUNDS bill admits that one only which both Houses concur in accepting. This is both a fair and a necessary provision. There ought to be no difficulty whatever in adopting so plain and adequate a scheme as that which the Senate has twice approved. The attempt of Mr. EATON to determine the result by the mere force of numbers is evidently unconstitutional, because the Constitution, contemplating the Presidential election as peculiarly an election by the States, could not mean to set aside the especial representative of the States in counting the votes and announcing the result. The neglect of the subject by the House is a national disgrace, and unless some action should be taken before another election, it would be a public calamity.

## "SELF-CONSTITUTED FRIENDS."

MR. ELLIS, in recently explaining the Indian Appropriation Bill, denied that the committee had last year neglected the starving Indians in Montana. He said that the total amount asked for had been promptly forwarded to them. The Indian Rights Association, however, states on the 23d of December, 1884, that "so far as we can now gather from Professor PAINTER's personal investigations, upward of four hundred of these people died, during the past season, of starvation, owing to the failure of Congress to appropriate supplies in time." The correspondent of the New York *Tribune* gives the details.

"The House was fully informed about the destitute condition of the Montana Indians by the Indian Bureau as early as December 19, 1883, when the reports of Inspector HOWARD and Agent ARMSTRONG were laid before that body. Inspector HOWARD's report showed that the Crow Indians would be without beef and bacon after December 20, 1883, and out of flour by February 16, 1884. The deficiency asked for on account of the Crow Indians alone was $78,110. For the other Montana agencies, to keep the Indians from starving, an appropriation of $50,000 was asked on December 10, 1883. It was not until January 23 that Mr. ELLIS, from the Appropriations Committee, reported a joint resolution to appropriate $50,000. The Senate increased the amount to $100,000, and on January 31 the House refused to concur in the amendment. This was done on Mr. ELLIS's motion, despite the opposition of Delegate MAGINNIS, of Montana, who had visited the tribes a few months before, and thoroughly understood the necessities of the situation. He and Mr. CHACE, of Rhode Island, also pointed out that the department had estimated that a sum exceeding $100,000 even would be required to prevent suffering. The disagreement between the two Houses caused further delay, and the joint resolution did not become a law until February 8."

The Indian Rights Association now says that unless prompt steps be taken there is great danger of a recurrence of this sad state of affairs. Mr. ELLIS complains that gross misrepresentations of his action have been made in an open letter by

"one Mr. C. C. PAINTER, I believe a member of the Indian Rights Association, one of those self-constituted friends of the Indian, coming here, by what credentials I do not know, appearing frequently before the committee, and urging us to discharge our duty."

But Mr. ELLIS as a good American must certainly be aware that it is the "self-constituted friends" of reforms who secure them. If great public measures should wait for Congress to begin agitation for them, progress would be painfully slow. It was the "self-constituted friends" of emancipation who began the movement which ended in universal freedom in this country, and more recently the "self-constituted friends" of reform who secured the passage of the civil service reform bill. It is men who think so strongly that a thing ought to be done that they are willing to organize and work for it, who cause it to be done. If the "self-constituted friends" of a wise electoral count law, or of a bankrupt law, or of the relief of the Federal courts, or of any other important measure, should organize and agitate, legislation would follow. No representative of the people should sneer at such movements, for they are the truest indicators of popular opinion and the national demand. Petitions are but the representations of "self-constituted friends" of the measures demanded.

It is the common remark of shrewd observers in Washington that the sentiment of the country is not truly reflected in Congress. It is therefore of the highest importance that Congress should be brought constantly in contact with that opinion by communication with those whose interest in particular questions and study of them have fitted them to express that opinion and justify it. To regard such citizens as impertinent interlopers is both insolent and foolish, and to sneer at them is as gross an offense as to sneer at petitioners. The Indian Rights Association knows, by personal investigation, the needs of the Indians, and its suggestions, whether for immediate relief, or special laws, or a general policy, are worthy of the most careful and respectful attention. They are "self-constituted friends" of the Indians because the Indians apparently had no other friends of any kind; and the very fact of Mr. ELLIS's explanation shows a consciousness that there is now a public opinion upon the subject—an opinion of which the association is the organized expression, and of which Congress may wisely take heed.

## EXCISE LAWS.

THE public spirit of Mayor GRACE, and his familiarity with city affairs and the practical operation of municipal laws, make his views of an excise law very valuable. His duty, indeed, is executive, and not legislative, but his official experience is most useful to the Legislature. The Mayor holds that an excise law should be generally acceptable to the people, because upon this, as upon other subjects, the mass of people generally desire what is fair, and because such laws are inevitably and easily evaded if they go beyond public opinion. The law also should be simple and intelligible, so that there need be no doubt about its meaning. As to the Sunday clauses, the law should not undertake to enforce an arbitrary interruption on that or on any day of the habits of drinking of large numbers of persons, and there are a great many persons who habitually drink malt liquors as other persons drink tea and coffee; and while it is agreed that the use of ardent spirits as a beverage should be legally regulated, the agreement does not extend to the other drinks. The Mayor, therefore, does not object to the prohibition of the sale of ardent spirits on Sunday, but he would not include in the prohibition drinks which are innocent.

The details of the regulation of the sale on Sunday should be, he thinks, determined by considerations of public convenience. The danger of abuse by furnishing opportunity to sell intoxicating drinks as beer, the Mayor thinks, would depend very much upon the value of the license which would be forfeited by violation of the law. While he is not ready to express a decided opinion upon the merits of a high license system, he would certainly restrict the number of licenses, which would increase their value, and make their holders wary of violating the law. He would also extend the penalties of violation to the premises, so that the traffic should not be continued in the same place until after the lapse of time.

Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY, who has also studied the subject carefully, differs somewhat from the Mayor.

He would require a very high license from sellers of ardent spirits, but none whatever from beer-sellers. He would, however, close all drinking shops on Sunday, because beer shops could not be readily confined to the sale of beer, and because they would become the resorts of the worst classes of the community. The report makes Dr. Crosby say that he would enforce the Sunday law against all drinking shops because one day of rest is necessary, and because courtesy toward those who hold the Christian Sabbath to be a sacred day should be enforced by law. The first reason is perhaps sound. But in a country of equal rights courtesy for religious feelings should be legally enforced in favor of a minority as well as of a majority, and in that case the sacred day of the Hebrews should be also respected. The whole question of excise laws is one of expediency. The terrible consequences of excess in drinking are undeniable. But they can not be averted by mere peremptory prohibition. They must therefore be diminished in the most practicable way. This way will be best indicated by experience, which will show that methods in great cities must be different from those which are best adapted to villages and small towns. The advantage of a high license is that it enlists the liquor interest in support of the law, and the experience of the high license States pleads strongly in its favor. Meanwhile it is men like Dr. Crosby and Mayor Grace who have made reasonable and therefore effective laws more probable by regarding the question as one of expediency.

## WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

The Reverend William Henry Channing, who died recently in London at the age of seventy-four, was the nephew and biographer of the famous Dr. Channing, and one of the most interesting and striking figures in the "Transcendental" days forty years ago. Mr. Channing was in the highest and best sense an enthusiast. His mind was acute, his literary tastes exquisite and highly accomplished, his temperament ardent, his whole nature singularly pure and refined and lofty, with a decided inclination to religious mysticism. But the most distinctive and comprehensive word to apply to him is humanitarian. His life was a long hope and cheerful endeavor to promote human brotherhood.

By profession he was a Unitarian clergyman, but he was never settled for a long time in one parish. For some time, about forty years ago, he preached to a small congregation in New York, which assembled in the lecture-room of the Medical School in Crosby Street, and he spoke upon the antislavery and reform platforms. There have been few more eloquent orators in America. The intense fervor of his emotion and the brilliant fluency of his speech charmed and inspired and melted the hearer. His passionate sincerity, his profound conviction, swept all before them, and the earnestness of his eloquence was enforced by the total unselfishness, simplicity, and self-sacrifice of his daily life. Mr. Channing was wholly free from the ordinary ambitions of men of his gifts. He was absolutely without self-seeking of any kind; and such was his faith in the better instincts and impulses of human nature that in listening to the musical strain of human sympathy that breathed from his lips, men seemed not so much depraved as blindly groping for the gate of heaven.

For one session of Congress during the war—in 1862, we believe—Mr. Channing was chaplain of the House of Representatives, and about the close of the war he went to England, where he mainly resided until his death. His daughter married Mr. Edwin Arnold, and Mr. Channing was the first to perceive and declare the beauty of Mr. Arnold's poem, "The Light of Asia." It was a theme peculiarly agreeable to the genius of Mr. Channing, whose preaching was as fervent and spiritual as ever, and perhaps more mystic. The purity of heart which was never soiled, and which gave him the perpetual vision of God, was as beautiful and inspiring in his later life as in those active days of his younger manhood when it drew from Mr. Emerson the fine poem in which he addressed him as "the evil time's sole patriot." Seventy-four years of unceasing and blameless humane activity and earnest stimulating speech, a force like a purifying flame, well known to the moral and intellectual leaders among us during a long generation—they pass away almost unnoted, and seem to have been of small service to the world. But human power and influence can not be so measured. It is in the individual lives directed and strengthened, in the good faith confirmed, in the higher trust in other men, in the more resolute endeavor to be better and to do better, not in a record of personal honors, but in the nobler characters of a nameless multitude, that we must look for the result of lives like that of William Henry Channing.

## "PERSONAL JOURNALISM."

The case of Mr. Edmund Yates illustrates the perils of the recent rise and rapid growth of "personal journalism," which is a name for a record of petty gossip, and of what is often mere scandal and calumnious tittle-tattle. Mr. Yates is the conductor of a paper called the *World*, which published a statement connecting unmistakably and injuriously the name of a young woman with that of a young nobleman, who immediately sued the editor. It appeared that the paragraph had been furnished to the paper by a Lady Stradbroke, who was related by marriage to the lady designated, and who is reported to have been sent to Coventry by her social circle.

The suit, however, was pressed against the editor, and his conviction followed. He has been committed to Holloway Prison for four months, and is put upon an allowance of half a pint of wine or one pint of malt liquor per day, visits from friends must be arranged by the visiting magistrates, and he can receive only one newspaper daily. His letters are to be regulated by the governor's orders. He is to take exercise by himself in the first-class misdemeanants' ground, to rise at half past six, and to retire at a quarter past nine. He has also promised not to communicate with the press during his imprisonment.

All this is what is called a "good advertisement." But it must be rather humiliating to be the hero of imprisonment for a piece of scandalous gossip about a young lady, and the circumstances show the inevitable tendency of "society journalism." Mere description of dresses and dinners will naturally pall upon the taste, and something a little more "spicy" will be demanded, and the demand will be gratified. The imprisonment of Mr. Yates, however, will serve as a reminder that there are limits even to the publication of personal gossip, and that it is because of the known taste for such gossip, which produces "society journalism," that the law intervenes to protect those who are made its victims.

## THE THOMAS POPULAR CONCERTS.

The correspondence between Mayor Grace, for himself and three thousand citizens, and Mr. Theodore Thomas, assures the public of a delightful and prolonged series of concerts, and secures, also, a permanent and most highly trained orchestra in the city of New York. With the engagements which he has already made, the new undertaking will provide for the city two weekly concerts for six months, and for the orchestra constant employment during the year.

We have often mentioned the great service of Mr. Thomas in the development of the musical taste of the country, and thereby of elevating the standard of popular recreation. His labors have been untiring and most effective, and his name is indissolubly associated with our musical history. But the new scheme carries his standards yet farther. It proposes to supplement the Philharmonic and similar concerts, which are necessarily and properly devoted to music which is already classical and of a serious and solid character, with a series of concerts blending this music with the lighter and newer strain, so that we may know the new masters as well as the old masters.

It is a project worthy of a metropolis, and it will still more rapidly advance New York to the highest rank among musical capitals. Already there are musical performances here which are not surpassed anywhere. There are concerts which rival those of the Gewand-Haus in Leipsic and of the Conservatoire in Paris. We are fond of considering the benefit to the people who come to these hospitable shores from the harder conditions of European life. But this high musical cultivation, the education of the taste for the best music, is one of the benefits which they confer. The hearty applause which always greets Mr. Thomas as he takes up his baton is the recognition of a great obligation which is most gladly acknowledged.

## THE LONDON "TIMES."

Among recent centenaries that of the London *Times* is one of the most interesting. Mr. Rae, in the *Nineteenth Century*, declares it to be still the leading paper in the world; and it is no doubt true that the *Telegraph*, which has become its great rival in circulation and pecuniary value, is wholly inferior to the *Times* in real power and representative character. Its own notice of its centennial anniversary was very characteristic. It said only:

> "The *Times* writes its own history day by day along with the history of the world, and there is no need that we should now attempt in any way to recall the nature of its long relations with the public and its persistent influence upon public affairs. But we may say that whatever mistakes may have been made, and whatever short-comings we may have to regret—and all journals, like individuals, are liable to error—we have always acted upon the principle of keeping ourselves thoroughly independent of government favor and party influence, and shall endeavor to maintain that principle to the last."

It is certainly due in a great degree to the London *Times* that Mr. Lowell could say with truth, in his masterly address on Democracy at Birmingham—an address which is one of the great services that he has rendered his country abroad—"As matters stand, too, it is beginning to be doubtful whether Parliament and Congress sit at Westminster and Washington, or in the editors' rooms of the leading journals, so thoroughly is everything debated before the authorized and responsible debaters get on their legs." The London *Times* has been not only independent of government subsidy in any form of patronage or favor, not only free from party unfairness, but it has been the organ of the dominant public opinion of the country, expressed by the ablest Englishmen, most thoroughly and specially qualified for the work.

This is not, in the best sense, a leadership of opinion; and yet, with glaring exceptions, the *Times* has generally assumed that the best opinion upon a subject was the general opinion, and it has been often able to make it the general opinion because of the universal conviction that it says what everybody thinks, and the equally universal tendency to go with the majority. During our civil war the *Times* was one of the most persistent foes of the Union. But its tone fairly reflected the general English view of the contest. The feeling of George III. toward the revolted colonies was for many years the feeling of England toward the United States, and there was a very honest and justifiable contempt in that country for a nation which perpetually bragged of human liberty and human rights, and maintained human slavery. But the event of the war has changed the English feeling into respect and regard, and this also appears in the tone of the *Times*. Plenty of fault can be found with much that it says. But the London *Times* is still a model daily newspaper, with the air of self-respect which is agreeable in a great journal, as it is in a private person.

## PERSONAL.

The late Marshall O. Roberts during the cival war had some ideas as to the protection of the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, which he unsuccessfully tried to have the government adopt. One day he invited a number of cabinet officers, engineers, and naval commanders, with their wives, to take a trip to Fortress Monroe on board his fine steamship the *Illinois*. His invitation was accepted, and soon after arriving in that region the party were surprised to hear a gun fired from the *Illinois*. It was the largest and most powerful piece of ordnance then in existence, and its shot created some dismay in the earth-works of Newport News, four miles distant. Of course Mr. Roberts had no authority whatever for firing, but he was determined at any cost to show the government some of the means at his command. The few personal friends who knew how much money and time Mr. Roberts devoted to experiments in the interest of national defense, and who appreciated his fine administrative capacity, have been sorry ever since that he was not appointed Secretary of the Navy. His son-in-law, Mr. Ames Van Wart, has just modelled an interesting life-size bust of him, which is also one of the most beautiful pieces of Carrara marble ever seen in this country.

—Some strictures published in the newspapers concerning loud conversation in one of the most conspicuous boxes in the Metropolitan Opera-house during the performances came to the notice of the fair occupant of the box. "What horrid impertinence!" she exclaimed. "I pay a thousand dollars for my box, while those people who complain pay only three dollars apiece. I think I have a right to talk as much as I please. If they don't like it, they can leave. *They* don't support the opera."

—Mr. Richard Mansfield, the actor, has set to music a song by Mr. William Winter. He comes naturally by his gifts in this direction. His mother was the late Madame Rudersdorff, who gained celebrity as a singer, and at the time of her death was considered to be the best music teacher in the United States. The title of Mr. Winter's verses is "Two Scenes." The *Tribune* announces that Madame Patti, to whom they are dedicated, has expressed her intention of singing them.

—Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, is the only American owner of an extensive private art gallery who periodically gives receptions of national social interest, and we venture the assertion that the presence of his fine gallery is of more commercial value to that city than half her citizens appreciate. What he has recently done to preserve the fame of the French sculptor Barye is more than any Frenchman or body of Frenchmen ever did, and has given to Baltimore a reputation in foreign studios and palaces. The material advantage accruing to a city from possessing such a citizen is very great, and one of these days we expect to see Baltimore acknowledge it by erecting a statue to William T. Walters.

—Mr. James R. Keene still elicits the admiration of railroad commuters. He refused to pay his fare when he had accidentally left his monthly ticket behind him. Having once paid it, he said, once was enough. The incident has provoked much discussion, and on certain roads there is a probability that the companies will engage to refund such twice-paid fares.

—Since his election Senator Evarts's law office has been flooded with congratulatory telegrams and letters, while the newspaper felicitations are uncommonly cordial and numerous. Mr. Evarts expressed his delight that "the canvass was carried on in perfect good-humor on all sides," and his hope that "none of the defeated candidates feel badly."

—Mr. George Augusta Sala is reported to have said that a confinement of four months in jail is almost enough to kill a man like Edmund Yates, who "is accustomed to every luxury—his ride in the Park, his daily drive, his footman at beck and call. He is an intensely proud man, and I should not be surprised if this imprisonment were to bring about his death."

—Queen Isabella was at Seville during the recent earthquakes in Spain. They greatly distressed her. "If I were not in my own house," she exclaimed to an attendant, "I should fancy I was in a sinking ship." She asked her son, the King, to send money for the relief of the principal sufferers.

—From Mr. Edwin Arnold's latest poem:

> "You ask me, dear, what perfect thing
> I find in all my wandering
> These ancient Sanskrit scrolls amid,
> Where India's deepest heart is hid.
> Nothing, I answer, half so wise
> As one glance from your gentle eyes;
> Nothing so tender or so true
> As one word interchanged with you."

—Miss Mary Anderson's brother, Joseph Anderson, is in London with his distinguished sister. He acts well, affects the society of the studios, and is devoted to her. His face has certain classic features that resemble hers.

—Lord Garmoyle has been visiting this city. It is perplexing to notice that some of the morning journals finish reports of long interviews with him by announcing that he is much averse to being interviewed, and that he spends most of his time in trying to elude the reporters.

—Edmond About, the French journalist and *littérateur*, died in the presence of his wife and eight children. He had just attained the goal of literary distinction in France by being elected to the French Academy, but the pleasure of a formal installation among the Forty Immortals was denied him.

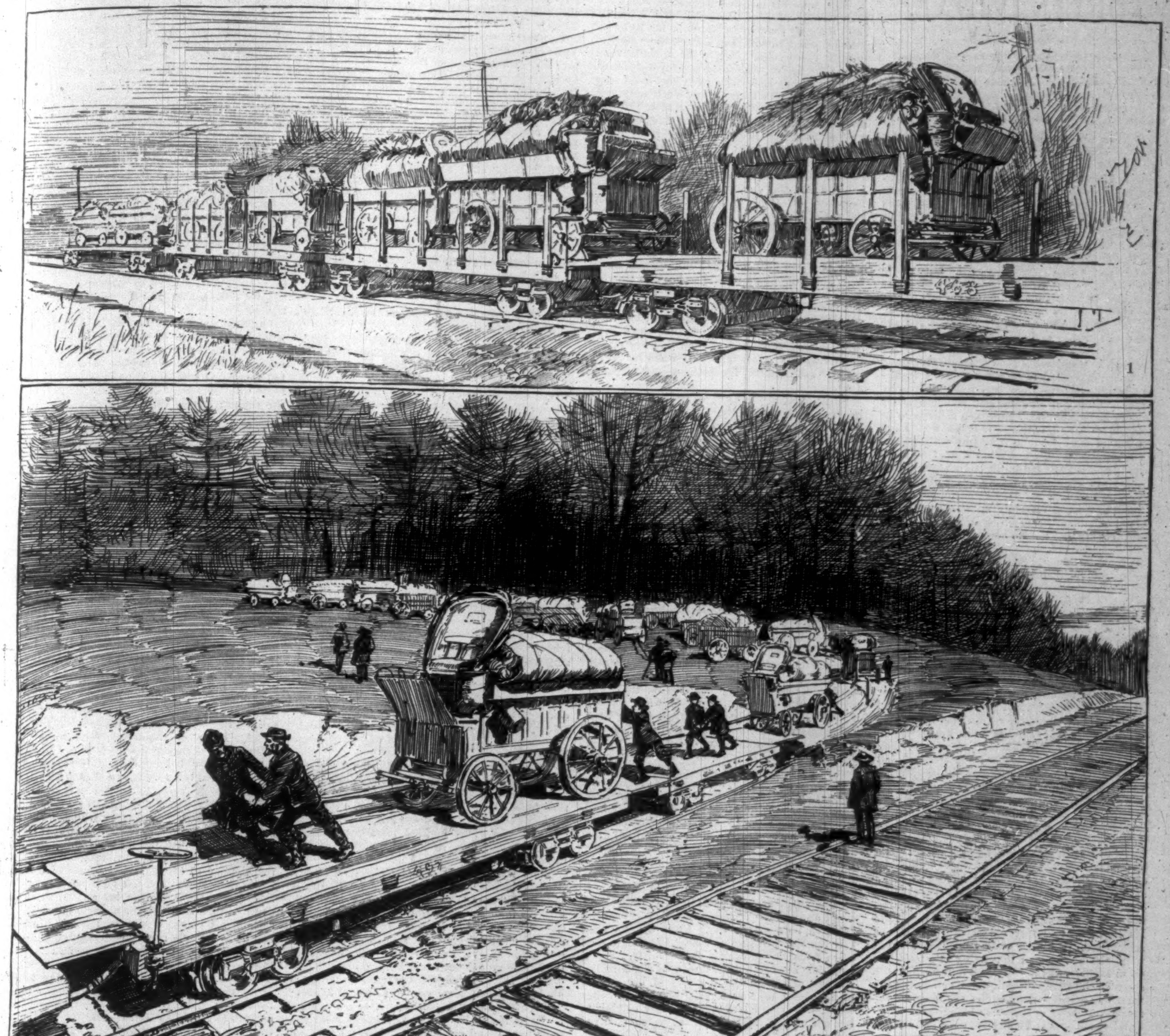
—Mr. Tilden some years ago placed his papers, published and unpublished, in the hands of Hon. John Bigelow, who has prepared them for the press. They will be published by Harper & Brothers in March. They will make two handsome octavo volumes. It is understood that they will be followed by a biography of Mr. Tilden from the pen of the editor.

—Miss Alice Payn, daughter of the successful editor and novelist James Payn, has married Mr. Buckle, the editor of the London *Times*, who is a thoroughly well-trained newspaper man, and for whom the journalists of London have a strong respect.

—Mr. Daniel Huntington, the celebrated portrait-painter, has been re-elected president of the Century Club. He is president also of the National Academy, and a man of uncommonly liberal spirit and gentle temper. The vice-presidents of the Century Club are Judge Gilbert M. Speir and Assistant Bishop Henry C. Potter; the secretary is Mr. Augustus R. Macdonough, whose father won great victories for his country as a naval commander on Lake Erie; the treasurer is Mr. Robert B. Minturn, whose name has long been intimately associated with the development of the commercial prosperity of this city.

—*Punch* speaks very pleasantly—as how could anybody help doing who spoke at all?—of a production of two American artists with which all readers of Harper's Magazine are familiar; and this is what it says: One of the most delightful books we've come across for some time is *Sketching Rambles in Holland*, by G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., and E. A. Abbey. The Sauce Hollandaise with this dish is indeed excellent. The two *collaborateurs* drew one another occasionally; and Mr. J. E. Rogers, not mentioned on the title-page, draws a picture which he calls "part of the Abbey." He has not done "part of the Boughton," as the latter appears to have done his own part himself, and done it so well and such a lot of it as to be able to say of the book, "*quorum pars magna fui*," *i. e.*, "I wrote all the 'pars' myself." But don't they both of them flatter the women? They do—and quite right too; that's the way to get on; and then, no doubt, they're going "bock agen," and these little compliments will be of use to them. An Englishman staying in France becomes *plus Français que Français;* and so between these two artistic companions there was perpetual emulation when in Holland, which is the flattest of places, as to which should be the flatterer. This is clearly the secret of the beautiful Dutchesses whose charming portraits are to be seen in this book. To our thinking, speaking for *Mr. Punch*, it is the best Christmas, New-Year's, or any other season's present that can be given.

JAPAN AT NEW ORLEANS.—From Sketches by John Durkin.—[See Page 71.]




LONG ISLAND PRODUCE BY RAIL.—Drawn by W. P. Bodfish.—[See Page 78.]

1. Farm Wagons on the Gondolas.—2. Embarking.—3. So much better than the old way.—4. Reluctant Passengers.

# ADRIAN VIDAL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. de Mersac," "Thirlby Hall," etc.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### CARDREW.

Chance, which plays a considerable part in the lives of most people, is responsible for all the works and ways of a few. Chance took Mr. Irvine to Cornwall on his wedding trip, some five-and-twenty years before the opening of the present narrative; chance led him to Polruth; the chance of his wife's having caught a cold in her head kept him for two days in that unfrequented fishing hamlet; and chance caused him to walk up to the old gray house called Cardrew, which stands just beneath the brow of the hills above the village. Cardrew had been many years for sale, and its appearance at that time was hardly calculated to attract purchasers, its garden being an overgrown wilderness, its windows for the most part broken, and every fence and gate about it rotting away from neglect and age. But Mr. Irvine, who possessed a comfortable fortune and no home, happened to have his pockets stuffed full of house-agents' lists, and was anticipating, with the misery of an undecided man, a long period of house-hunting. Here was a house to be sold—a solid, well-built, roomy house, with a sufficiency of land about it, a healthy position, and an admirable prospect. What a deal of worry might be saved by securing it and making it habitable! He consulted his wife, and had the happiness to find that her views coincided with his own. There was certainly no reason why they should establish themselves in Cornwall, with which county they had no family connection; but, on the other hand, there was no particular reason why they should not. So the old place was bought for a mere song, and, the necessary repairs having been completed, Mr. and Mrs. Irvine took possession.

There they settled down and multiplied, as the years went on, with satisfaction to themselves and to those who dwelt around them. The neighbors, high and low—there were not a great many of either class—soon became attracted to this simple couple, and freely forgave them for not having been born and bred in the duchy. Mrs. Irvine, active, restless, and profoundly interested in local affairs, while keeping open her many lines of communication with the outer world, was in more ways than one a godsend to the parish. Her blunders, it is true, were many and frequent, but they were very seldom harmful, and though some people might occasionally find her a bore, no one had ever been heard to accuse her of selfishness or ill-nature. As for her husband, he was liked, as most of us learn to like the inanimate objects upon which our eyes rest every day. His long hair, his devious gait, and somewhat vacant smile became familiar to Polruth, and would, if they had disappeared, have been missed almost as much as the yew-tree in the church-yard or Daniel Chenoweth's old gray mare. In due time his appointment as magistrate added a touch of dignity to his harmless, desultory existence; but he was seldom seen two miles away from home, except when the news of an impending sale took him up to London, whence he would return laden with spoils in the shape of antiquities, or additions to what was fast becoming one of the finest numismatic collections in the west of England.

When six boys and a girl had to be fed, clothed, and educated, the acquisition of these ancient coins entailed a rather larger outlay of modern ones than was quite convenient; but living at Polruth is very cheap, and although the Irvines were sometimes obliged to consider expense, they could not be said to have ever really felt the pinch of poverty. The boys grew up into young men with that amazing rapidity which is common to the human race, but which is perhaps more noticeable in quiet neighborhoods than in cities. The girl, as we have seen, developed into a singularly beautiful young woman, and was not so conscious of the fact as she might have been if any one or anything except her looking-glass had informed her of it.

But she did not consult her glass more often than was necessary for the purposes of the toilet, and in the immediate vicinity of Polruth there dwelt no young man of her own rank. Her occupations, after she had been released from the authority of her governess, were so few that she would have found time hang heavily on her hands had she not been bred to the enjoyment of still life; her amusements were for the most part such as her brothers could join in; and her knowledge of the world was gleaned solely from what they told her and from books, of which she was an eager and untrammelled devourer.

Thus it came to pass that Anglo-Roman society was astounded one winter by the appearance in its midst of that rare phenomenon, a totally un-self-conscious beauty. That she did not receive at least a dozen offers during the three months which she spent with her parents on the banks of the Tiber was probably due to the circumstance that she was at once monopolized by Mr. Wilbraham, to which cause may also be assigned her willingness to leave scenes which to her inexperienced eyes far surpassed all that had ever been said or written about them; for she did not wish to marry this man. Nature was beginning to awaken in her; in a vague, dreamy way she realized the possibilities of life and love, and felt within herself a capacity for happiness such as she knew of only by hearsay. Carriages, diamonds, and the other adjuncts of wealth tempted her very little; nor did it occur to her to desire the love of a man who could give her these pleasant things. Yet Mr. Wilbraham, viewed in the abstract, was very desirable. He had large estates, he had powerful connections, and he was more than usually pleasing in person and manners. Such a highly favored individual is not to be rejected without reasons, and reasons were precisely what Clare could not give for rejecting him. When Mrs. Irvine, with some natural impatience, asked her what she would have, she could only reply that she didn't know; and when her suitor roundly declared that he would not take "no" for an answer, she thought of all that he could do for the boys, and hesitated. Like many other young persons, she was subject to fits of melancholy which nothing in her circumstances warranted. It seemed to her that hers was a purposeless life, and that if she could promote the happiness of others by marrying a man whom she really did not dislike, it would perhaps be foolish as well as selfish to draw back because of some undefined prospect which she feared to lose. Wilbraham's arrival at Lucerne found her still wavering; but no sooner had she reached home than she wrote him a refusal so decisive that he made no further attempt to move her. From this it might seem as though the prospect above referred to had ceased to be undefined; but such was by no means Clare's belief. She was a good deal ashamed of herself, and felt that her eldest brother Jack was not far wrong when he called her an "awful duffer" for throwing such a chance away.

"Just think of the sport we might have had!" he exclaimed, regretfully. "Do you know that he has a deer forest and a three-hundred-ton yacht, and that they made bigger bags at his place in Norfolk last winter than on any other estate in England? It strikes me that you are too ambitious, Clare. The last member of the royal family is disposed of now, you know, and the supply of unmarried dukes is lamentably deficient."

The girl was really more hurt by this good-humored chaff than she cared to show. No one treated her with unkindness; but it was clear enough that every one thought her rather silly, and she was conscious that she had been to blame in taking so long a time to make up her mind. Heriot's arrival was a comfort to her. He and she had always been friends; she knew instinctively that he understood her, and this knowledge was not the less soothing because she had some difficulty in understanding herself. Sometimes she was inclined to ask him whether he thought she had done wrong; but now that the thing was over, and the decision irrevocable, there seemed to be little use in talking about it, so she kept her misgivings to herself, and carried them out to a certain grassy headland overlooking Polruth Bay, where she was wont to dream away some part of the long summer days.

One afternoon in the beginning of August she was sitting there upon the short, sweet-smelling herbage, her hands clasped round her knees, and her eyes fixed upon the golden mists which obscured the horizon. Some three or four hundred feet beneath her the Atlantic rollers woke the echoes of the caves; on her right hand Polruth, a jumble of slate roofs and steep, narrow streets, overtopped its diminutive harbor, and to the right of that again a great semicircle of white sand swept away to the promontory which formed the northern horn of the bay. Clare did not heed this familiar prospect, nor hear the shouts that arose from the returning fishing-boats. For a long time she had remained without changing her attitude, and from the intensity of her gaze it might almost have seemed as though, like Sister Anne, she expected to see somebody coming to her out of that mysterious haze which bounded the world.

Somebody was indeed coming, though from a less improbable direction. A young man, who had just arrived from London, and had taken up his quarters at Mrs. Treweeke's lodgings, had strolled out to get a breath of fresh air before dinner, and when this young man recognized Miss Irvine, his heart leaped up within him. What was he to do? He had come to Polruth with the firm intention of keeping his secret, of speaking to her only when other persons were present, and of avoiding all risk of self-betrayal. Prudence, therefore, counselled a swift and silent retreat, and he actually did turn round, and take as many as six steps in the direction of the village, before he stopped to see whether prudence might not be open to argument. What happens under such circumstances we all know. Prudence is always vanquished before the argument begins, and in another minute Clare heard a voice behind her saying, "Miss Irvine, how do you do?"

The voice had an odd tremor in it; it said a great deal more than the above meaningless phrase—a great deal more than it had any business to say. And when Clare scrambled to her feet and turned round, she met a pair of liquid gray eyes which spoke so plainly that she somewhat hurriedly dropped her own under their gaze. But it was without any other sign of trouble than this that she held out her hand, saying, frankly: "How do you do, Mr. Vidal? So you have really come to Polruth, after all. I am so glad."

"You are very kind to say so," murmured Vidal. He was not accustomed to feel embarrassed in the presence of man or woman, and had, perhaps, never before in his life been at a loss for words; but now commonplaces seemed to stick in his throat, and he could only stand and look at her as she faced him there, with the sinking sun making a blaze of sea and sky behind her and turning her hair into a nimbus. The moment had come, then! He had hardly known how intensely he had longed for it; he had not expected that it would move him so deeply; he was really afraid to open his lips, lest the thoughts that were in him should escape through them against his will. Oh, miserable pettiness of an artificial state of society, which held him tongue-tied because, forsooth, his income was numbered in three figures instead of four! How was it possible for mortal man, with all his inner being in such a condition of ferment, to begin talking about the weather and the unpunctuality of the trains?

Perhaps it was not possible. At all events, Vidal continued speechless, and it was Miss Irvine who expressed a hope that the heat had not made his journey very disagreeable. "We have been having a most beautiful summer," she said, "and everybody prophesies that it is going to last. I hope it will; because, if so, you will see Polruth at its best, and perhaps, as my brothers are at home, you won't find it so overpoweringly dull. You know that Mr. Heriot is here?"

Vidal said "Yes," and did not add that, all things considered, he would have been just as well pleased if Mr. Heriot had not been there. They were walking back toward the village by this time, and he was wondering whether he would ever be alone with her again. Probably not. He could foresee what was coming. With a host of noisy young men swarming round him, and with Heriot forever on the watch, it was not likely that such moments as these would recur. Well; perhaps it was best so.

"Do you remember our walk on the Rigi?" he asked, abruptly.

"Oh yes; how wet and disagreeable it was! You went on to some place in the mountains afterward, didn't you? Have you been long back in England?"

Wet and disagreeable!—was that the only memory that she had preserved of an afternoon which he had so often lived through again in his thoughts? Vidal's heart sank; he answered her questions mechanically, and scarcely listened to her while she enumerated the various diversions by which the monotony of life at Polruth might be relieved. What were lawn tennis and fishing for bass and picnics to him? Yet, as they walked on, he could not but observe that her manner had lost its accustomed calm, that she was talking more and talking faster than she had ever done at Lucerne, and that all the time she looked straight in front of her, instead of turning sometimes toward her companion, as it would have been more natural to do. Now Vidal, though in love, had not so far parted with his powers of induction as not to know what this meant. His secret was evidently a secret no longer. Whether the discovery of it had been agreeable or disagreeable to Miss Irvine he could not tell; but he saw that she had made the discovery, and that it was agitating her. He did not offer to accompany her beyond the door of his lodgings, and secretly hoped that she might understand and appreciate this act of self-denial. Whether she did so or not, she was unmistakably relieved to be set free.

"Papa or one of the boys will come down and see you after breakfast to-morrow," she said; "and you must not expect to be allowed much time for work while you are here."

She paused and opened her lips, as if she were going to add something, but seemed to change her mind, and only said "Good-night," as she turned away.

Vidal watched her out of sight, then slowly climbed the stairs to his sitting-room. He threw himself down upon the broad window-seat, and, with his folded arms resting upon the sill, looked out across the bay. He was two-thirds remorseful and one-third glad that he had broken down so deplorably at the very outset. That he should have done so did not say much for his self-control, but her knowledge of the truth would make his future part in some ways less difficult to play; "and, after all," thought he, "it is not exactly my fault if she has found out to-day what she must have found out sooner or later; I said nothing that I ought not to have said; I didn't stay with her a moment longer than mere civility required. Unless I had gone away without speaking to her at all, I hardly see how I could have behaved with more discretion. And, in any case, I must have seen her to-morrow, when she would infallibly have detected me. Don't women always know when a man loves them?"

He got what solace he could out of such sophistries as these, and then dismissing the question of responsibility from his mind, fell to thinking of how lovely she was, and recalling all her words and movements, while the daylight faded out of the west, and the sea changed from blue to gray, and the stars came out one by one.

Early the next morning Mr. Irvine made his appearance, charged by his wife with many messages, the exact wording of which he was compelled to own that he had forgotten on the way. "But I know," he concluded, "that I have strict orders to take you back to Cardrew with me, and I can say on my own account that we shall all be very much disappointed if you do not treat us like friends, and lunch and dine with us whenever you are disposed. It doesn't look very friendly to have left you to house yourself in lodgings; but I think Mrs. Irvine explained to you that we are full to the roof just now. We are such a large family," continued the old gentleman, with something of a sigh, "that I often have difficulty in recollecting our exact numbers and names. However, Mrs. Irvine will be able to tell you that—and the more the merrier, you know," he concluded, cheerfully.

Vidal was not quite sure about the universal application of the proverb; but he said what was polite, and signified his willingness to be entertained. He was just then under the full influence of that beatific vision which comes once (let us hope at least once) to all mortals, and which, while it lasts, has power to convert the tamest landscape into a paradise, if only this be connected in some way with one especial person; but even though Cardrew had not been glorified by the presence of Clare Irvine, and though the lanes which led up to the house from Polruth had never received her footprints, Vidal must still have acknowledged that he had seldom seen anything more beautiful in its own way than the view which unfolded itself around him as he was conducted toward his destination. Beauty of scenery, like all other kinds of beauty, is more or less a matter of taste. "Shrubs and lowly tamarisks please not all," as the Latin grammar taught us long ago. In the last century the Alps were more shuddered at than admired; and there are people who find the north coast of Cornwall too wild and forbidding. But these, perhaps, have not had the advantage of studying it in fair weather. When the south wind blows softly and the slowly heaving ocean is calm, when the flocks of sea-birds that congregate upon the rocks and the dark cliffs can sun themselves in peace, when the gorse and the heather have spread a mantle of purple and gold over the moors, and when the moisture that is always in the air lends a blue softness to all distant outlines, a man need not be so fortunate as to be in love in order to feel the peculiar charm of the region. Trees, it must be owned, are not numerous, and such as there are have been blown out of all symmetry by the furious winter gales; but in sheltered places vegetation is rich, and every whitewashed cottage has its fuchsia-trees and its giant scarlet geraniums.

Cardrew, which stands on the hill-side, facing a point or two south of west, was built at a time when architects thought less of shelter from prevailing winds than of solidity of construction; but something has been done in the way of high stone walls and belts of hardy shrubs to protect the garden; so that Vidal was able conscientiously to compliment his host upon the brilliant flower beds through which he made his way toward the lawn, where four youths in white flannels were playing tennis.

Mrs. Irvine hurried forward to welcome the stranger and to relieve her husband, who promptly disappeared. "How glad I am to see you! I told Clare she ought to have brought you back to dinner last night, but she said she was sure you wouldn't have come without dressing—quite unnecessary. Please understand, once for all, that we are not going to send you formal invitations. You are to come here whenever you like, and dress exactly as you please. What is the use of living in an out-of-the-way place if one can't dispense with formality? Now I must introduce my boys to you. This is Jack, my eldest son, who is still at college. Charley, I think, I told you about: he is to be a soldier, I hope. Bob is in the navy; and the one who is trying to get behind the rhododendrons is Dick, who hasn't left school yet. Dick is shy—the only member of our family who was ever known to suffer in that way. Come out, Dick, and shake hands with Mr. Vidal. There are two others, Tommy and Billy, somewhere—"

"In the yard, helping Jonas to cart muck," interpolated the timid Dick, in a deep bass voice.

"You don't mean to say so! Then I trust they will stay where they are, for I know that nothing will induce them to wash their hands before luncheon. Now, boys, go on with your game; I am sure Mr. Vidal will excuse you."

Mr. Vidal would most willingly have excused the absence of every man, woman, and child in the house except one; but he did not belong to that disagreeable class of lovers who show the depth of their affection for a single individual by assuming a savage demeanor toward all others, and he soon made friends with the rising generation of Irvines, whom he found to be very pleasant young fellows.

They came and sat down beside him presently, Mrs. Irvine having retired into the house, and put themselves and their resources at his disposition as cordially as their parents had done. Did he care about potting rabbits? and had he brought his gun with him? If not, he could use Jack's whenever he liked, because Jack put on such a lot of side now that he couldn't condescend to that humble form of sport. If sea-fishing was at all in his line, he could have abundance of that any day. Or, as he had not been in Cornwall before, perhaps he would like to visit some of the lions of the neighborhood.

"I'll tell you what," cried Bob, excitedly; "I'll drive you over to Tintagel one day in the dog-cart. You ought to see Tintagel, you know, and I can take you by some short-cuts that save miles."

"I should rather think he would," said Jack. "He'd take you over a stone wall or two, most likely, because the horse would be sure to run away with him, and he'd never find it out till he tried to pull up. Don't you let Bob entice you into getting into a wheeled vehicle beside him. He tries it on with every stranger who comes here, because he knows very well that none of us are going to risk our lives for his amusement. Only the other day, in a moment of weakness, I allowed him to take the reins, and he wouldn't give them up again at any price. I don't think I ever was in such a funk in all my life. First we cannoned against a farmer's gig and smashed his shaft; then we ran over a pig—"

"We did no such thing," interrupted Bob, angrily. "We only just grazed the pig, and we should have cleared the other craft right enough if she had answered her helm properly. You fellows think nobody except yourselves can do the simplest thing."

"No, no, Bob," said his elder brother; "we have implicit confidence in you when you are upon your proper element, but on dry land we prefer to take care of our own necks, and if Mr. Vidal will be advised by me he won't let you try experiments upon his. Anyhow, I can promise you one thing—you won't drive *my* mare any more."

"I don't see much fun in driving about the country this hot weather," remarked Charley. "Much better stop at home and play lawn tennis."

The guest seemed disposed to concur in this view. "Does your sister ever play?" he asked, carelessly; to which Jack replied: "Oh yes, sometimes, when there's another girl here. But women rather spoil the game—don't you think so?"

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1463.

After a time Heriot strolled across the grass, with a straw hat on the back of his head, and a newspaper under his arm, and Vidal felt himself coloring guiltily as his friend approached. But Heriot's face did not express disapprobation. All he said on joining the group was, "Well, Adrian, so you've found your way to Cornwall," after which he remarked that it must be getting near luncheon-time.

By-and-by the young men went in-doors to change their flannels, so that Vidal had an opportunity of saying, penitently, "I couldn't help it, old man—I really couldn't."

Heriot made no reply; but after a moment he astonished his companion a good deal by exclaiming, abruptly, "I wish I were in your shoes."

"Wish you were in my shoes!" echoed Vidal. "Why, in the name of all that's unreasonable, should you wish that? If ever there was a miserable man upon the face of the earth—"

"Quite so; but then misery such as yours is worth more than all the contentment that ever I have got out of life, or shall get. Go on!—enjoy yourself—make the most of your time. And when the day of tribulation arrives, come to me and we will mingle our tears. I'm not going to trouble you with any more sage precepts: events must take their course now. You had it open to you to choose whether you would come here or stay away, and you have chosen. Far be it from me to suggest unavailing regrets!"

Vidal glanced at the speaker with a mixture of vexation and amusement. "I can't quite make out whether you blame me or not, Heriot," he said.

"Neither can I," answered Heriot. "Suppose we go in."

Clare only made her appearance when the rest of the party were entering the dining-room. She took a place on the opposite side of the table to Vidal, and although she spoke to him several times, and was as friendly as everybody else, he could not help noticing that she avoided meeting his eyes. "She knows that I love her," thought the young man, with an inward exultation which he did not attempt to repress; "and that is all that I ever dared to hope for. She doesn't care for me—I can see that—and I'm glad she doesn't. Am I glad? Well, no—hardly. And yet I believe old Heriot is right, and pain such as this is better than years of bovine contentment. I wouldn't have it otherwise, if I could. Perhaps I could, if I would; for love begets love, they say. But I won't! I'll keep out of her way; I won't even speak to her, if I can help it; and if I find myself giving way ever so little, I'll be off the next morning!"

While these and other thoughts were passing through his mind, he was conversing cheerily with his entertainers, supported, like the Spartan youth with the fox gnawing him under his garment, by conscious heroism. Probably other persons in the same room had an equal title to self-approval, from Mr. Irvine, who had Jack's bills to pay, down to Tommy and Billy, who were seldom free from the dread that one of their many delinquencies was on the point of discovery; for in the tragic comedy of life every man and woman has a part to play, and those who act best are deservedly the most liked. But the generality of us wear a mask simply because we must, and can not, therefore, claim all the credit that belonged to this voluntary victim.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE REWARD OF SELF-DENIAL.

During the month of August, with which the present history has to do, two phenomena occurred in the neighborhood of Polruth. In the first place no rain fell, except in the shape of an occasional shower, for three consecutive weeks. This, astonishing as it was, was merely a local and meteorological phenomenon; the second, though less remarked, was certainly more remarkable, being, indeed, nothing less than a phenomenon in the working of human nature; for it is a positive fact that throughout the whole of the above-mentioned time Vidal saw Miss Irvine every day, and never, by word, deed, or sign, attempted to make love to her. He sought the society of her brothers, who swore by him when they discovered that he knew how to use the graceful limbs with which nature had provided him, and was a better swimmer and lawn-tennis player than any of them. Mr. Irvine found in him a patient admirer of ancient coins and mediæval art, while Mrs. Irvine, who had liked him from the first, took him up with the ardor which she had ever at the disposal of a fresh protégé, and introduced him to all her neighbors, with whispered assurances that he was a young man of extraordinary talent—*the* coming novelist of the day. But to Clare he was just civil, and no more. If he saw her—as he often did—walking past his lodgings toward her favorite headland, he watched her from the window until she was out of sight, and then went resolutely back to his writing. At Cardrew he avoided every possibility of being left alone with her, and more than once declined to join a riding party because he foresaw the dangers to which that form of exercise might so easily give rise.

All this self-repression was not accomplished without pain, insomnia, and loss of appetite. If it was absurd, if it was illogical, if it was calculated to produce exactly the opposite effect to that intended, it was nevertheless a victory in its way, and a victory of a kind which is not very often won. For that much Vidal may be allowed to have credit; and in truth he was disposed to take a good deal of credit to himself at this time. He was quite astonished when Heriot said to him one day, "Merely as a matter of curiosity, I should like very much to know whether you are playing a deep and skillful game, or whether you really have the simplicity to imagine yourself a martyr."

He stared for a moment, and then answered, quietly: "That is a hard speech to make about any man, Heriot. I understand what you mean, but I don't know that I have ever given you the right to suspect me of being such a miserable humbug."

Heriot flushed slightly. He was conscious that his irritation had led him into saying more than he ought to have done, and he apologized. "But I can't help thinking it a pity that you should have taken up this particular line of conduct," he added. "It would have been so simple to go away."

"I would have gone away if it had been necessary," Vidal said; "but it is not necessary. I saw plainly enough the first day that she didn't care a rush for me. Yes, I know; I remember what you said at Lucerne. It is just possible that she might have come to care for me in the long-run, if I had tried to make her. Well, I haven't tried."

"Oh, but, my dear fellow, the passive way of trying is so much worse than the active!" returned Heriot, half laughing.

The young man turned away with a gesture of impatience. "I wish to Heaven you would let me alone!" he exclaimed. "You said you wouldn't lecture me any more. The long and the short of it is that I *can't* go away yet. You think she may be piqued into loving me because I draw back from her, but you don't understand. I believe she is perfectly well aware of how things are with me. She doesn't care. You can see for yourself that her spirits haven't suffered."

Now it was precisely because he thought that her spirits *had* suffered that Heriot had allowed himself to be provoked into breaking his self-imposed silence; but not choosing to say this, he shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

This colloquy had taken place in the garden at Cardrew, and after his friend had left him, Vidal sat down upon a bench and thought. Hitherto he had tried to steer a course midway between duty and inclination, and, oddly enough, had succeeded after a fashion; but now he began to see that success of that kind could not be permanent. He was young; he was suffering from the torments of unrequited love; he felt the imperious craving for happiness natural to one of his years, and his sanguine nature was forever whispering to him that happiness was not unattainable. He had a struggle which lasted for five minutes, and left him somewhat pale. Then—"I'll go," he said, softly, and rising up, walked toward the house.

His intention was to burn his ships by giving out forthwith that he was obliged to leave Polruth on the morrow, but when he entered the hall he found everybody too busy to listen to him. For it had been arranged that a long-deferred visit to Tintagel should take place that day, and just now luncheon baskets were being packed, and details discussed amidst the clamor which accompanied all movements of the Irvine family. Vidal listlessly looked on their preparations from the background. Clare, looking cool and fresh in a pale blue print dress, was moving about among her brothers, lending a helping hand here and there, and did not seem to have noticed his arrival. An unreasonable anger took possession of the young man as he watched her. Was she so pitiless, then? Didn't she see how he suffered? Knowing that he loved her, was it nothing to her whether he declared his love or not? There was a good deal of the spoiled child in his composition, and he thought, "Well, perhaps when I am gone she will be sorry—at least for a time."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## NEW YORK'S NEW SENATOR.

Every New-Yorker, no matter what his politics may be, must feel gratified, as a matter of State pride, by the election of Mr. Evarts. It is very greatly to be desired that each party and every State should be represented in the Senate by the ablest and most distinguished representatives it can command. It is a public misfortune that the factional disputes of either party should have the effect of keeping out of high public trusts the men who are best fitted to adorn them. No Republican can regard it as other than a public misfortune that the unintelligible quarrels of the Ohio Democrats should have retired such representatives of the party as Senator Thurman and Senator Pendleton to private life. On the other hand, no Democrat can regard it as other than a public advantage that the leader of the bar of New York should become the representative of New York in the Senate. "You can make wine," said the French vintner to his apprentice, "out of anything, even grapes." It is fortunate that in the transmutations of New York politics we can make a Senator out of anybody, even out of a man eminently fitted by his abilities and his position to be a Senator.

It is an old tradition of the republic that the law is the stepping-stone to the high public places. Two generations ago Lord Coke's saying that the law was a jealous mistress was so extensively disbelieved in this country that the most conspicuous public man of a State was almost sure to be one of the leaders of the bar in his State. In the South, indeed, the slave-holding aristocracy supplied the most famous public men, who were often of no profession, just as in England the land-holding aristocracy have, until within living memory, virtually carried on the business of government. But in the North in those days there was no effective rivalry to the bar as the nursery of statesmen, such as has for a long time been supplied in France by journalism. That a legislature of lawyers has its perils is plain enough, but nobody will pretend that the innovations which have lately been introduced upon the earlier usage have been so successful as to discredit the tradition.

Mr. Evarts's professional career has been so distinguished that he is more commonly thought of as a lawyer than as a public man. It is his "great cases" to which people's minds advert rather than to the public offices he has filled. His political career has been so subordinate and episodical that few of the people who are perfectly aware of his position at the head of the New York bar readily recall that he has already been a member of two administrations.

Born in Boston, February 6, 1818, Mr. Evarts was graduated at Yale in 1837, and after completing the course of the Harvard Law School, was admitted to the bar of New York in 1841. Ten years afterward he became the Federal District Attorney—an office which was then a greater professional promotion than it is now, when the gains of private practice have so enormously increased. Mr. Evarts was thirty years ago already among the foremost in an arena in which O'Conor, Lord, and Noyes were among his competitors. There is this to be said for legal eminence, that it can not be attained without merit. There is no competitive examination more strict than a practicing lawyer undergoes, and no more searching criticism than he encounters. A man who stands high as a lawyer must stand high among lawyers, among the most competent and the least partial judges. Mr. Evarts early won and has long held this position. We suppose that at least since the retirement of Mr. O'Conor no lawyer would dispute his claim to the leadership of the bar of his own city and State, and very few to his leadership of the American bar. The ingenuity, the readiness, and the learning which make up the mental equipment of a great lawyer are without doubt his in abundant measure. The most memorable of his public appearances have been made in the line of his profession. His conduct of the case of the United States at Geneva was not only, according to the testimony of all competent witnesses, a brilliant exhibition of professional skill, but it secured for his country the solid success which attests the lawyer who is, as Daniel Webster said of the unornamental Jeremiah Mason, "a case-getting man." Mr. Evarts's argument before the Electoral Commission of 1877 was his contribution to the settlement of a much more exciting and a much more dangerous controversy than that which was so happily composed at Geneva. The appointment of the advocate to the first place in the gift of the client whose cause he had so successfully pleaded followed as almost a matter of course.

It is, indeed, an outcome of the Senatorial intrigue at Albany much better than could reasonably have been hoped for a month ago that New York is to be represented in the Senate by a man who will take his place at once among the leaders of that body, and whose utterances will command the respectful attention of the Senate and of the country.

## THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

The attention of the visitor to the Main Building is apt to be especially attracted at the present time by the Japanese exhibit, which is already much more nearly complete than any other Oriental and than most European displays. The entrance is through a screen-work, decorated with various odd designs above—red balls on a white ground, alternated with circular ornaments suggesting the outspread tops of painted paper umbrellas; beneath these, to right and left of the doorway, are maps fastened upon a ground of gilt wall-paper curiously stamped with complicated designs. One map represents the western provinces of Japan, the other the whole of Nippon, that island which the Emperor Zin-mu Ten-ô thought to resemble the form of a Dragon-fly, and to which he gave the name of the insect. The presence of a Greek border might seem an anachronism in this curious screen-work to many persons unfamiliar with the archaic art of Japan, where the same simply beautiful design has been in vogue from time immemorial—a striking instance of the fact that certain general laws which operate in the evolution of art ideas may have many times produced similar results in the development of widely different civilizations. Not only may the visitor be surprised to find the same border design upon many antique bronzes and ceramics in the Japanese department (especially on one beautiful iron box inlaid with silver and gold), but he may almost feel tempted to doubt the origin of certain tripods, pateræ, vases, perfuming pans, etc., whose forms bear a strange similarity to the gracious conceptions of old Greek or Etruscan industry, or to certain relics of Pompeii preserved in the Museum of Naples.

The display of bronzes and ceramics—in which the antique art of Nippon is largely represented—dazzles and deceives the inexperienced eye. Great incense-burners, with double-headed and triple-clawed dragons interlinked about them in monstrous contortion, seem to be wrought in fine bronze; but they are only faience-ware dexterously metal-tinted. Delicate vases of porcelain aspect, covered with grotesque paintings, and surmounted by a cover on which a frog, a tiger, or a gargoyle-shaped creature is sitting, turn out to be made of the finest and hardest statue metal. But these and many other industrial specimens are modern; and it requires little artistic training to discern the superiority of the antique work. One figure standing upon the cover of a perfume-burner haunts me still—some vigorous little deity on tiptoe, lifting a prayer-scroll to heaven. The smoke of the aromatics, like the very incense of prayer, rises by a simple and pretty contrivance up through the scroll itself. The tiny god seems to move his lips of bronze; the muscles of his limbs appear to live and quiver. Palpitant with life also is a species of Japanese Cerberus, from whose open jaws should pass the smoke of another perfume-burner; even the artistic conversion of the tail into a fantastic leaf scroll does not wholly destroy his illusive animation. The antiquated porcelains have none of that conventional frankness of composition in design nor the flaring color which distinguishes many of the best new pieces; they are sober-tinted; they affect no accepted pattern; their figures are strangely puzzling to the eye at first glance, but when the puzzle is read, what marvellous movement! Compared with some of these quaintly painted groups, all muffled and intermuffled in party-colored vesture, the most animated modern vase-figures seem stiff and clumsy. Perhaps the best of the latter is that of a furious Japanese swordsman, whose long blade reaches half-way around the flank of a gigantic porcelain vessel near the entry, to encounter the sabre of a painted antagonist who seems to have retreated to the other side of the vase.

What Japanese art of the best era is unrivalled in—that characteristic in which, according even to the confession of the best French art connoisseurs, it excels all other art—is *movement*, the rhythm, the poetry, of visible motion. Great masters of the antique Japanese schools have been known to devote a whole lifetime to the depiction of one kind of bird, one variety of insect or reptile, alone. This specialization of art, as Ary Renan admirably showed us in a recent essay, produced results that no European master has ever been able to approach. A flight of gulls sweeping through the gold light of a summer morning; a long line of cranes sailing against a vermilion sky; a swallow twirling its kite shape against the disk of the sun; the heavy, eccentric, velvety flight of bats under the moon; the fairy hoverings of moths or splendid butterflies—these are subjects the Japanese brush has rendered with a sublimity of realism which might be imitated, perhaps, but never surpassed. Except in the statues of gods or goddesses (Buddhas which almost compel the Christian to share the religious awe of their worshippers, or those charming virgins of the Japanese heaven, "slenderly supple as a beautiful lily"), the Japanese have been far less successful in delineations of the human figure. But their sculpture or painting of animal forms amazes by its grace: their bronze tortoises, crabs, storks, frogs, are not mere copies of nature; they are exquisite idealizations of it. I scarcely think the Japanese display here sufficiently illustrates this particular branch of the art in all respects; but examples are not wanting, particularly in regard to birds. Two storks seven feet high are to be shortly placed at the entrance, and, like all such bronzes, they will stand on their own claws without any pedestal support. Bronze is but one of countless materials, however, wherein these bird forms have been imitated. Cranes of all sizes and of innumerable colors hold up their graceful necks in every direction among the show-cases; they stand in every position possible to the living creature; they describe K angles with their legs, and curve their necks into an S line, and poke their heads under their wings; they fight, fly, fish, watch, hatch.

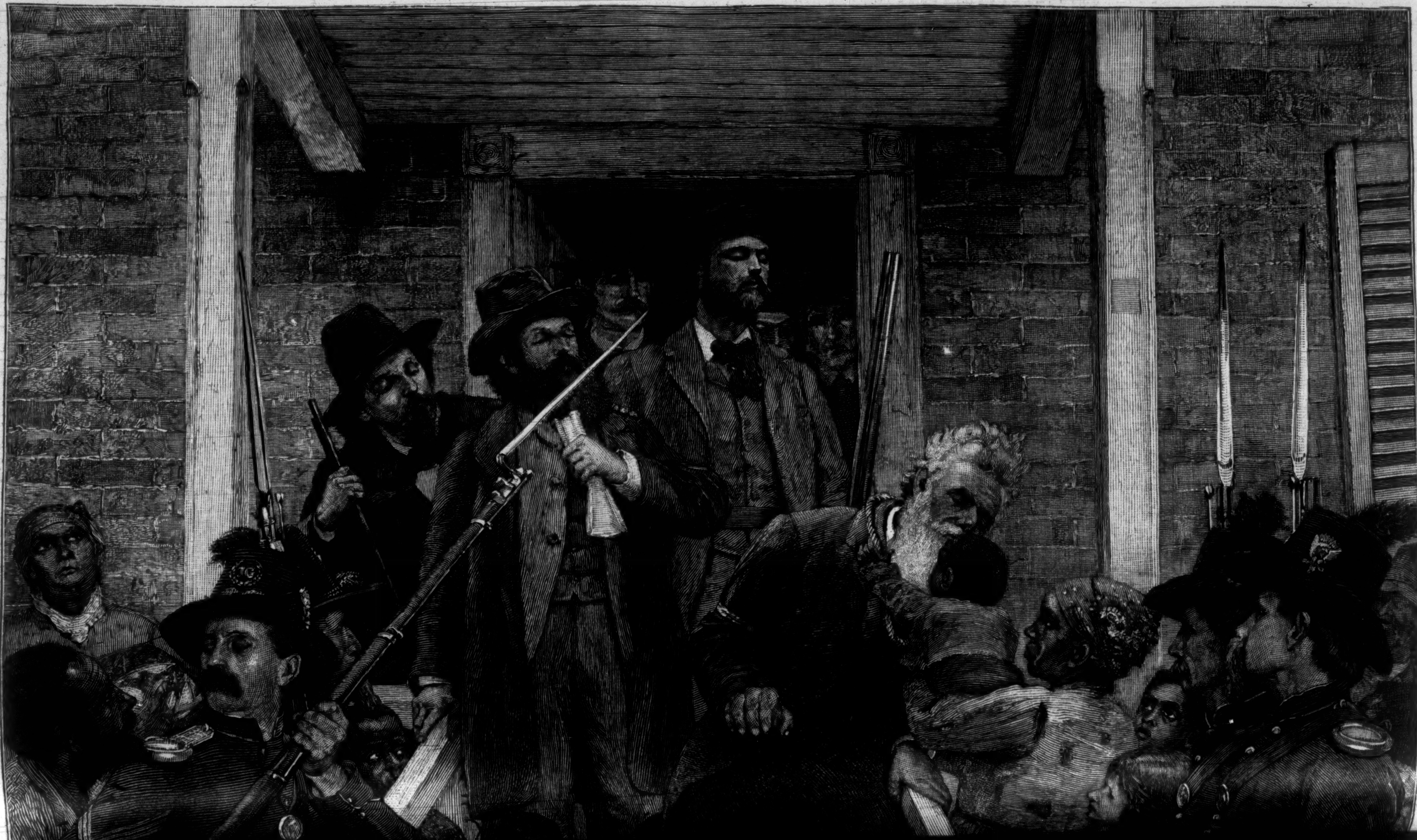
Perhaps it is bad taste on the writer's part, but the bugs and reptiles in cotton attracted his attention even more than the cranes. You see a Japanese tray covered with what appear to be dead and living bugs and beetles—some apparently about to fly away; others with upturned abdomen, legs shrunk up, antennæ inert. They are so life-like that you may actually weigh one in your hand a moment before you find that it is made of cotton. Everything, even to the joints of legs or abdomen, is exquisitely imitated: the metallic lustre of the beetle's armor is reproduced by a bronze varnish. There are cotton crickets with the lustre of lacquer, and cotton grasshoppers of many colors; the korogi, whose singing is like to the "sound of a weaver weaving rapidly" ("Ko-ro-ru, ko-ro-ru"), and the kirigisi, whose name is an imitation of its own note. Tree-frogs are delightfully mocked with the same materials.

Of course there are fans of all values and varieties, *papeterie*, oddities in ivory, mantel-piece figurines, bric-à-brac dainties, exquisite porcelain sets decorated with scenes of Japanese life, or with stanzas inscribed in those long, straggling black characters which Japanese poets compare to a flight of birds winging their way against the light, and which recall to me memories of Léon de Rosny's "Si-Ka-Zen-Yo." Perhaps some of those little cups are inscribed with verses from the same poets whom he translated—simple, touching, beautiful, in their naturalness:

"Wert thou a jewel, I would wear thee in my bracelet;
Wert thou a garment, never would I find time to undress me."

One misses the rice-paper drawings, but these are promised at a later day; meanwhile photographs of Japanese life and scenery partly supply the deficiency. There is a sort of tableau on exhibition, representing two celebrated historical personages, which affords one a very fair idea of the elegance of the old national costumes now passing away. I observed also with interest some fine swords—but not of the famous work which outrivalled in beauty and temper the blades of Toledo or Damascus, and was inlaid with dragon designs in gold. Splendid silks are hanging up everywhere; some exquisitely embroidered with attractive compositions, figures, landscapes, and especially views of Fusiyama, the matchless mountain, whose crater edges are shaped like the eight petals of the Sacred Lotos; Fusiyama, of which the great artist Houkousaï alone drew one hundred different views; Fusiyama, whose snows may only be compared for pearly beauty to "the white teeth of a young girl," and whose summit magically changes its tints through numberless variations of light. Everywhere it appears, the wonderful mountain—on fans, behind rains of gold, or athwart a furnace light of sunset, or against an immaculate blue, or gold-burnished by some wizard dawn; in bronze, exhaling from its mimic crater a pillar of incense smoke; on porcelain, towering above stretches of vineyard and city speckled plains, or, perchance, begirdled by a rich cloud sash of silky shifting tints, like some beauty of Yosiward.

Lafcadio Hearn.



JOHN BROWN ON HIS WAY TO EXECUTION.—Drawn by T. Hovenden.—[See Page 74.]

## JOHN BROWN AT CHARLES-TOWN.

The story of John Brown is one of the possessions of which mankind will never grow tired. In peaceful and commonplace times, to peaceful and commonplace citizens, the dash upon Harper's Ferry has become absolutely unintelligible. It is only those who remember the stress of excitement which lay upon the whole community, after the preliminary skirmish in Kansas of the war for freedom had been fought, who can dimly imagine what an impulse this excitement must have given to a man like Brown—one of Cromwell's Ironsides born out of due time, or still more a belated Covenanter. The "rabid philanthropy" of John Brown was a recrudescence of the fierce Christianity of Balfour of Burley. Mad and hopeless as the raid into Virginia was, it was one of the attempts which, like the equally mad and hopeless charge of the Light Brigade, will be remembered and admired beyond the most sober and scientific feats of arms. Three years in the New York wilderness as a teacher and leader of fugitive slaves, and two years in Kansas as a leader in the guerrilla warfare between freedom and slavery, had constituted an experience singularly fitted to temper Brown's iron nature even to so desperate an undertaking as that of outlawing himself in order to strike a blow at slavery in its intrenchments. Everybody remembers the story of the hopeless attack and the hopeless resistance of the party of zealots who had carried the fiery cross to a people which could not be inflamed to insurrection. Everybody remembers, too, the one visible softening of the rugged nature, when leaving the jail for the gallows, "with a radiant countenance and the step of a conqueror," as an eye-witness told, he "paused for a moment by the door to kiss a negro child held up to him by its mother." Though his enterprise must then have seemed to him utterly without result, it was one of the loosening pebbles which together set the mountain-side in motion. He was hanged December 2, 1859, and on September 22, 1863, Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation.

## THE WEDDING RING.

"Well, they are agreed at last, and I am glad of it," murmured Mrs. Berwick, laying down the letter she had been reading; "though how Jenny Morse ever contrived to make up her mind on that or any other subject is a mystery to me."

The individual alluded to in so uncomplimentary a fashion was Mrs. Berwick's niece; and excepting her own two boys, it might be doubted if the lady was half as fond of anybody else in the world. She was sitting alone at the breakfast table, Ted and Tom being wont to flee from all civilized things at the earliest possible moment. Usually their mother was on the watch for this flank movement, and defeated it, but this morning her mind was full of the letter announcing her niece's prospective marriage, and when at last she glanced away from it the two young gentlemen had vanished. In the distance came the slamming of the front door, the whoop of boyish voices outside.

Mrs. Berwick laughed a little as she looked across at the empty places. Excepting Jenny, these two boys were all she had in the world: her husband had died some five years ago. They were twins, but they were alike in nothing else—Tom generally behaving himself, in a boyish way of his own, Ted never, under any circumstances, when he could help it. In fact, he was such a hopeless scapegrace that anybody else would have had her life worried out by him. The neighbors held that a woman afflicted with such a son had no business to go round with such a cheerful face. But Mrs. Berwick never borrowed trouble. Perhaps she believed that one boy would act as a balance-wheel to the other; perhaps she was merely an optimist by temperament; at any rate, she had a happy, fearless way of taking life that not even Ted's iniquities could disturb. She sat with her head resting on her hand, her eyes fixed absently on the litter before her, till Ann came in to clear away the dishes.

"Well, what is the matter now?" asked her mistress, catching sight of the girl's perturbed face. "Is Ted in trouble again?"

"If you please, mum, he's got a little gun," said Ann, with terrified emphasis, "an' he'll be afther shootin' the whole of us, he says."

"Send him in here to me."

A minute later a handsome, audacious boy about ten years old appeared in the doorway.

"Well, mamma, what's the matter now?" echoing her words to Ann a minute before.

"Ted, where did you get your gun?"

"Haven't got any gun."

"Ann says you have."

"Ann don't know a gun from a—pea-shooter"—in a tone of great contempt.

"Oh, it is your popgun, is it?" laughed his mother. "I don't know where you could get any other kind of a gun, to be sure. There are no fire-arms in this house. Well, you can go, Ted, but—"

Ted was off like a flash, without waiting for the end of the sentence.

"I might as well warn a rocket to be prudent," thought Mrs. Berwick, smiling to herself.

Half an hour later, as she was sitting in her room upstairs, Tom came rushing in, a grievance stamped upon every feature.

"Mamma, Ted has got a little gun, an' he won't let me fire it at all."

"You have a popgun of your own. What do you want his for?"

"Oh, it isn't a popgun, mamma; it's a real little gun; and it shoots. Ted says he could shoot a man with it, an' he won't let me try at all."

"Won't let you try to shoot a man? How cruel of him!" said Mrs. Berwick, with great *sang-froid*. "Go and bring Ted here, and see that you bring the gun too this time."

Off went Tom, and did not re-appear for a good while. Through the open window Mrs. Berwick could hear their voices, one boy persuading and exhorting, the other sulkily refusing. At last she settled the matter by going out into the garden after them herself.

Ted glanced up quickly and put his hands behind him, but he had lost his audacious expression, and was on the whole a much meeker-looking boy than the one who had presented himself at the dining-room door half an hour before.

"Where's the gun, Ted?"

"He's got it behind him, mamma," interposed Tom, eagerly.

She took the little rebel by the shoulders and turned him round, expecting to see a wooden plaything, and to learn that it had been appropriated *vi et armis* from some unfortunate playmate.

There, clinched tightly in the small boyish hands, was a six-barrelled revolver of the largest size, looking murderous enough to shoot, not one man, as Tom had asserted, but a whole regiment of them. The polished steel glistened in the morning sun, and altogether it was as handsome an article of the kind as Mrs. Berwick had ever seen. Her face whitened a little, but without manifesting any other signs of alarm she took it in her hand and examined it coolly.

"This appears to be loaded, Ted."

"Yes, 'm"—in a very subdued voice.

"We were just a-going to fire it," put in Tom.

Holding it carelessly in her hand, Mrs. Berwick pointed it at an earth bank near by.

"Come here, Ted, and show me how you were going to fire it."

The boy's face cleared a little; he came to her side unhesitatingly, and pulled the trigger with a professional air. There was a sharp report, and she saw the earth fly from the mound where the bullet had buried itself.

"Again, mamma," pleaded the impenitent little sinner at her side, "and let me hold it this time."

"No; I will hold it, and you may fire," answered his mother, calmly.

So one after another the six barrels were discharged, Mrs. Berwick showing no more signs of nervousness than the boys themselves as one sharp explosion followed another. Ted looked at his mother with a kind of reluctant admiration.

"Thought a woman always jumped when anything fired off," he observed in an aside to Tom.

But Ted knew very well that there was a day of reckoning coming, and he was not a whit surprised when he was made a prisoner of state and marched off to his mother's own private domains along with the captured revolver.

"Now, Ted, where did you get this, and what made you tell me you had no gun when I sent Ann after you?"

"'Cause I hadn't any," retorted Ted, stoutly, ignoring the first part of the question. "That ain't a gun; it's a revolver."

"You knew well enough what I meant. Where did you get it?"

Ted hesitated a little, stole a look at his mother's face, and saw that she meant to have an answer. "Mr. Godfrey gived it to me just 'fore he went away," he announced, with all the tranquil confidence of a righteous person. "An' he told me to be *very* careful 'bout using it."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Berwick, almost laughing in spite of her indignation. The gentleman referred to was an elderly, cautious person, who was too far away to dispute any of Ted's assertions. "If you must invent, find something more probable than that, Ted; but I want the truth."

"Well," said Ted, cheerfully, "a—a man tumbled into the water day before yesterday, an'—an' I pulled him out again—an' I saved his life, you see. So he said he thanked me *very* much, an' he gived me this 'fore he went off. I don't know where he went to," adding this last statement as a precautionary measure against inconvenient questions.

Strange to say, his hard-hearted mother received this pathetic account just as skeptically as she had the former one, and still insisted upon knowing where he got the revolver.

"I found it," gasped Ted at last, driven to his wits' end. "I was a-walking in the road, an' I found it. S'pose somebody dropped it; don't you, mamma?"

"No," answered Mrs. Berwick, with great decision. "I suppose nothing of the kind. You have not told me one word of truth this morning, Ted. If you can't make up your mind to begin now, I will leave you here till you can."

This time Ted sulkily refused to answer, and his mother walked out of the room, turning the key behind her. The boy held out for an hour or two; then he began to call. "I want some dinner, mamma," he grumbled, when she made her appearance.

"You are not going down to dinner, Ted, and I am not going down to dinner either, till you have told me all you know about that revolver."

This awful threat overcame Ted completely. It was better to be punished than starved, and so, with many protestations of good behavior for the future, he made his confession at last.

Two days before, he had gone to the post-office after the mail, as he or Tom usually did. Their box was No. 297, and Ted, standing on tiptoe so that he could peer into it, discovered in box 298—the one immediately below theirs—a tempting little square parcel.

It happened that the old clerk had been replaced by a new one, who did not know the boy.

"What box?" he asked, and quick as a flash an idea darted into Ted's mind.

"Two hundred and ninety-eight," he answered, promptly.

A minute later the precious package was lying in his fingers.

"It was a very little box," said Ted, in a deprecatory voice, at this point in his narration, as if the size regulated the degree of his offense. "There was nothing in it but a bright gold ring—like what you wear, mamma—an' a lot of cotton."

"What did you do with the ring?" asked Mrs. Berwick, regarding her hopeful son with a kind of despair.

"I put it in my pocket; but—but I was 'fraid you'd know 'twas there, an' take it away, so I hid it under the wood-pile out in the shed. Then I saw Ann go out there, an' I was afraid again, an' I dug a little hole in the ground an' planted it, mamma."

"What next?"

"Well," said Ted, uneasily—his stolen treasure had evidently been a weight on his mind—"I dug it up again after a while, an' Bob said he'd trade with me if I'd let him have it—"

"What Bob? That street boy I told you never to play with again?"

"I—s'pose it was. He ain't so very bad a boy."

"He seems to have been no worse than you, at any rate," said his mother, severely. "So you let him have the ring? Did he give you the revolver in exchange for it?"

"Yes, 'm. He lives where there's lots of houses, an' he couldn't fire it for fear somebody'd find out he had it."

"Then he stole it, I suppose?"

"Only from his big brother," said Ted, with a virtuous air. "*That* wasn't stealing."

"Where does this boy live? What street and number?"

"No. 4, Margin Street," said Ted at last, with some reluctance.

He was not quite easy about his mother's future proceedings. But for the present he got his dinner, and began to regard life from a more hopeful point of view.

That afternoon Mrs. Berwick put on her hat and cloak, and without taking any attendant, or saying a word to anybody, started for the house where Bob lived. It was in the worst part of the city—a place that most people would have thought twice before venturing into alone. She picked her way along among the swarming children, stopping now and then to make inquiries, and was presently directed down a miserable little court to a large unpainted board house at the lower end. Mounting the creaky steps, she rapped sharply on the door. There was no answer, but from within came a sound unmistakably like the grunting of pigs. Another rap, and still silence. Then she took matters into her own hands, pushed open the door, and walked in.

She found herself facing a flight of steep dark stairs, down which came sounds of noisy laughter and revelry. On the right a small doorway with no door in it led into the only room visible on the ground-floor. Mrs. Berwick put her head cautiously inside. Three great hogs, which stopped grunting to look at her inquisitively, were the only occupants of the room.

While she was staring at these tenants the apparition of a gaunt old woman suddenly emerged from some den beyond, and a harsh voice demanded:

"Who be you? and what do yer want here?"

"I want your boy Bob."

"Well, yer can't hev him."

"Why not?"

"He ain't here; he's gone down into the country to stay a spell."

She put her hand up to her eyes, peering cunningly into the lady's face as she spoke.

"That is not true," said Mrs. Berwick, calmly. "He is here in this house, and I mean to see him."

"Find him for yersel', then."

"That is what I am going to do;" and with these words Mrs. Berwick deliberately turned round and walked up the narrow staircase, leaving the woman so astounded at her visitor's audacity that she offered no resistance to this high-handed proceeding.

After all, there was a kind of likeness between Ted and his mother—a power of doing unheard-of things with a serene coolness that won them half the battle beforehand. The woman used this power only for lawful purposes, the boy for unlawful ones. But still the unconscious resemblance in character often disposed the mother to treat her young scamp very leniently.

About half-way up, the staircase turned a sharp corner, shutting off the light from below, and the rest of the way Mrs. Berwick groped along as best she could in almost total darkness. At last she found herself on a narrow landing, perhaps two or three feet square. Two tiny cracks of light near the floor indicated that a door led out from it on each side. Through the right-hand door came the deafening clamor of voices and loud laughter that had reached her on the first floor. She applied herself first to the door on the left, but could discover no handle nor any means of opening it.

On the other side she was more successful. After some groping in the dark her fingers came in contact with the latch, and a slight pressure showed her that it was not locked. But before adopting this burglarious mode of entrance she rapped loudly two or three times. No answer came; there was no cessation of the noise inside, which, indeed, had risen to such a pitch as to make it unlikely that any person could hear her. After another moment's waiting Mrs. Berwick quietly pushed the door open and walked in.

Or rather she took one step across the threshold and stopped short, for the room was so densely packed with human beings that there did not seem to be a square foot of empty space anywhere within it. Some were gambling, some were drinking; whiskey bottles and dirty packs of cards strewed the floor. A crowd of faces more wretched and degraded than she had ever dreamed of stared up at her—faces of men and women turned to her with blank amazement—and for an instant the drunken revelry died into utter silence. She was standing on the threshold of one of the worst dens in all the great city.

Without moving or speaking, she looked round at them steadily, and so fearlessly that the miserable creatures within scarcely knew if they were not confronted by some being from another world. Then, as noiselessly as she had entered, she closed the door again, and went back to the woman she had left below.

"Now," she said, sternly, "I know what kind of a house you keep. If you do not produce that boy I have come to find, I shall go straight from here to the nearest police station, and have you arrested in half an hour."

She had no need to add another word. More awed, perhaps, by her extraordinary visitor than terrified by this threat, the woman retreated a few steps, gave a low, peculiar call, which was answered by another; and presently Bob himself strolled into the room, his hands in his pockets, with the air of a young man who was in great demand and indisposed to be too lavish of his company. He was a little fellow, in spite of his ancient appearance. As she looked at him, Mrs. Berwick thought she had never before seen such a scarecrow. From head to foot he was literally clothed in rags. This was, in fact, Bob's house suit, as distinguished from his street costume, which was a shade more respectable.

Mrs. Berwick drew out the revolver, which she had brought with her, and laid it on the table before him. "This is your property," she said. "My son gave you a ring in exchange for it. I have brought this back, and I have come for the ring."

The boy looked at the revolver, and then at her. "Don' know as I want it back agin," he drawled out. "It's Ted Berwick's now. We traded fair."

"You traded with what did not belong to you. You stole the revolver, and I advise you to return it speedily, if you want to keep out of jail. For the present I have nothing to say to you except that I must have that ring. If you do not give it to me, I can have both your mother and you arrested before night, as she knows."

Bob looked quickly at his mother, and seeing in her face no denial of this last statement, began to grow alarmed.

"I'll give it to yer, mum—I'll give it to yer, if I kin find it," he said, hastily. "Don' know but I've lost it; hain't seen it nowhere to-day."

Then began a search in every hole and corner of the wretched room. There were piles of rags on the floor. The old woman proceeded to shake them all out carefully, while Bob plunged his hands down into one after another of the holes that were by courtesy styled his pockets. Just as Mrs. Berwick made up her mind that the ring must be hopelessly lost, the boy's fingers closed tightly upon a little hard object that had slipped down into the lowest lining of his jacket.

"I've found it, mum," he said, triumphantly.

He held out his hand, and in the dirty little palm was shining a heavy gold ring. Mrs. Berwick took it from him, looking from it to the hand that had held it, and wondering to herself whether the unknown owner of it would not rather have let it lie there forever than take back again into an innocent home an article contaminated by the associations of such a house.

Slowly and thoughtfully she turned away, and retraced her steps through the muddy court, still keeping the ring in her hand. It was a plain, very heavy gold circlet, with a date inscribed inside—Feb. 5, 1871—and no other mark upon it of any kind whatever. It had come into her possession in an almost marvellous way. A small, heavy article, easily lost, stowed away in Bob's ragged pockets, passed from hand to hand in that thievish house, the chances of recovering it had been almost infinitesimal. Yet there it was, safe for the present, and the next question was, what was to be done with it.

Mrs. Berwick first applied to the postmaster. "Who is the owner of box 298, just below ours?"

"What do you want to know for?" the man naturally asked.

"I can not tell you that."

"Then I can not tell you, either, to whom the box belongs; it is against our rules. If you will explain your reasons for asking, I may perhaps be able to accommodate you."

"No," said Mrs. Berwick, "I can not do that. Still, you may as well tell me what I want to know, for if you do not, I shall find it out for myself."

"How will you do that, madam?" asked the postmaster, curiously.

"You will see for yourself to-morrow. Will you answer my question now?"

"I am sorry"—speaking civilly but firmly. "I am not allowed to do so; it is against the rules."

"It is not against your rules, perhaps, to furnish me with pen and paper?"

"Certainly not, madam—certainly not."

His curiosity thoroughly stirred up, the postmaster bustled round, and soon had writing materials placed before his strange visitor.

Mrs. Berwick scribbled for a moment or two; then rose with a little smile, and held out the writing to him:

"The owner of P. O. box 298 is requested to communicate immediately with Mrs. Mary A. Berwick, of The Highlands, No. 16, Crescent Terrace."

"That advertisement will be in all the leading dailies to-morrow," said Mrs. Berwick, still smiling. With these words she walked out of the office, followed by the admiring gaze of the astonished postmaster, and went straight to the nearest advertising agency. The advertisement was inserted; in two days from its first appearance a man with a very expectant face presented himself at Mrs. Berwick's door. He proved to be a Mr. Patterson, a wealthy brewer, who lived in the neighborhood.

"I have called, madam," he began, "in answer to your advertisement of yesterday. I am the owner of box 298."

"Then you are the gentleman I wished to see. But I should not have needed to give you this trouble if the postmaster had not refused me your name and address when I applied to him."

"No trouble at all," said her visitor, politely, with such intense curiosity in face and voice that Mrs. Berwick smiled involuntarily.

"I will not detain you long," she said. "I inserted the advertisement merely in order to ask you a question—a very simple question. Have you been expecting lately any article of jewelry through the mail?"

"No," answered the man, too astonished to return anything more than a bare negative.

"Have any of the members of your family been expecting such an article?"

"Not so far as I know."

"When you return home, will you kindly make inquiries among them, so as to satisfy yourself fully on that point?"

"Yes, yes; certainly I will."

"That is all, then," said Mrs. Berwick. "I thank you for giving me this interview, and shall not need to occupy your time any further."

Mr. Patterson stared at her as if he could hardly believe his ears.

"But—but, madam, may I not hope to be informed as to your reasons for these questions?"

"I am sorry," answered Mrs. Berwick, tranquilly, "I am not able at present to explain my reasons. If your inquiries at home should have any farther result, perhaps you will be kind enough to let me know. This is my address," giving him her card.

And then Mr. Patterson found himself bowed out into the street—perhaps as angry a man as had ever stood on that door-step. He went away as ignorant as he had come, while Mrs. Berwick sat down to write another advertisement.

"Any person who has lost a gold ring within the last month can obtain the article of Mrs. Mary A. Berwick, No. 16, Crescent Terrace, by proving property."

Rings big and little, with and without stones, plain and engraved, had been strewn broadcast through the city streets, to judge by the statements of their unlucky owners, who agreed in nothing except this, that one and all entered the house with beaming smiles, and left it with the sulkiest faces Mrs. Berwick had ever seen.

Then, just as she was wondering what to do next, one last late-comer appeared—a gentleman whom she recognized immediately as one of the prominent city jewellers.

He came forward to meet her with a smile. "I suppose you know what I have come for, Mrs. Berwick?"

"Yes," she said, smiling back again; "I can easily guess."

"Is the ring in your possession, a plain solid gold circlet, with the date Feb. 5, 1871, inscribed inside?"

For answer she laid it in his hand, saying, "I think you are the right person at last."

He turned it over in his fingers a few times with evident pleasure, and then asked her—as she was expecting he would—how it came into her possession. She sat down and told him the whole story in all its details, not omitting Ted's iniquities, or the curious places where the ring had found temporary lodging. Much to her relief, he made no comments on her son's share in the business, merely saying, laughingly, at the end: "I understand that I am indebted to a very courageous lady for the recovery of the ring; but what I do not yet understand is how it came to be in box 298 at all. That is not my box. The ring was ordered by a friend of mine who lives at a distance. He was very particular about the workmanship—it is intended for a wedding ring—and I sent it away to be engraved. It was to have been returned two weeks ago; the clerk must have put it in the wrong box."

This, on inquiry, turned out to be the case. There had been a double blunder. The package had first been carelessly pushed into box 298 instead of the adjacent one, where it belonged, and had afterward been just as carelessly handed over to Ted, who, in his turn, had no business whatever with anything in box 298. So it had started on its curious travels, and against all probabilities had finally come back into the hands of its proper owner.

This ended Mrs. Berwick's interest in the matter, as she supposed. She changed her mind two months later, when Jenny and her husband came to make her a visit, and the first thing she saw on the hand of her favorite niece was the omnipresent ring that had already been such a source of trouble.

"Why, Jenny!" she exclaimed, in her astonishment, "where did you get that ring?"

"Where did I get it?" repeated the pretty little bride, turning it proudly round on her finger. "From my husband, of course. Where else should I get it? It is my wedding ring. What are you looking so queer for, auntie? There is nothing wrong about the ring, is there?"

"No," said Mrs. Berwick, recovering herself. "Nothing wrong, of course. It is a little heavier than they usually are."

"Yes, I know it; Fred wanted it so. He ordered it from town, but it was so long in coming we began to think we should have to be married without it."

"It is very handsome. Perfectly plain, I see."

"Only for the date on the inside."

Jenny slipped the ring from her finger and held up the well-remembered date. "You can guess what that is for, auntie?"

"The date of your engagement, I suppose," laughed Mrs. Berwick. "What sentimental people! There, I hear Fred coming. Let me put the ring on again."

She slipped it gently back to its place, thinking how terrified her superstitious little niece would be if she should ever come to know of the house where it had lodged for two days before it passed into her innocent hands.

Alice Perry.

## EX-MAYOR GUNTHER.

The late ex-Mayor Gunther, who died at his home in this city on the 22d of January, in his sixty-third year, will be remembered for several reasons by the historian of the metropolis. In the first place, he set his face against that particular form of municipal extravagance by which the Aldermen used to entertain distinguished strangers or to celebrate noted days at the public expense. Comparatively little of this sort of folly has been practiced since his administration, and his influence against it has been a conservative and wholesome force. In the next place, he was the first prominent citizen to manifest a faith in the possibilities of Coney Island as a summer resort, by building a railroad to that now popular suburb, and although many of his friends doubted the wisdom of his course, he provided the money and the energy to put the enterprise through. Moreover, Mr. Gunther was one of that heroic body of citizens known as the old Volunteer Fire Department, and it was his connection with this association that secured both his nomination and his election to the Mayoralty in the autumn of 1863, scarcely eighteen months before the old Fire Department was disbanded.

The same qualities of resolution and endurance, the same simplicity of taste, the same capacity for fellowship, shone in his career as a private citizen. What his brother firemen most admired in him, his personal friends also most highly prized. Mr. Gunther was of German parentage, and for many years a member of the fur house of C. G. Gunther's Sons, which his honored father established early in the present century.

## LONG ISLAND WHALING.

Long Island has been unusually excited during the last few days by the appearance of a small school of right-whales. The centre of interest appears to be off Southampton, where the first whale was captured on the 15th of January. Since that time a number of the animals have been taken. In size the whales secured ranged from thirty to sixty feet in length, having a circumference of nearly identical measure. The value of the animals varies from $1000 to $1500 each, and owing to the nearness of the market, all the receipts are net profit.

At Southampton the government has a life-saving station in charge of Captain Burnett, and the sighting and capture of the whales are results of the watchfulness exercised at this station. When the first animal was seen, three crews put out in chase. When harpooned, the whale sank to some depth, and coming to the surface immediately, made for sea at lightning speed, towing the boat for several miles. Two men were injured and an oar broken before the whale succumbed. The next day three whales, two cows and a calf were sighted near the shore. The cows, when harpooned, made for sea, towing the boats some ten miles. During the chase the pursuers were constantly exposed to danger, and the death-struggles of the animals are described as terrible. The calf, as the whalers say, died game. When harpooned he dived under the boat, nearly upsetting it, and crushing the gunwale. The boat filled, but being self-righting and bailing, did not sink. A monster sighted the next day led a long chase, dived many times, coming up at long distances from its pursuers, and was finally dispatched by the unsportsmanlike but ingenious expedient of burying an axe in its spine. The "oldest resident" fails to remember when so large a school of whales has been sighted off Long Island. It is hunger that has driven the whales so near the coast. There may be hard times in the sea as well as on shore.

## "KHIVA FRED."

In the fall of 1869 the present writer was invited to make one of a party of four from Moscow to the Sergi-Troitza Monastery. The three others were an immensely tall, muscular man, with a heavy black mustache, called Captain Frederick Burnaby, a ruddy, broad-chested young fellow called Sir Charles W. Dilke, and a small, lean, curly-haired man called Hepworth Dixon. Dixon was then writing *Free Russia*, Dilke was preparing for the Siberian journey which his younger brother Ashton afterward eclipsed, and Burnaby was meditating some letters to the London *Times* on Russian military manœuvres.

The nickname of "Sword and Gown," transferred to the Burnaby brothers from a well-known English novel, was not inappropriate, although the younger brother, Rev. Evelyn Burnaby, certainly shows much fainter tokens of the gown than the famous colonel of the sword. When I first saw the younger Burnaby, on a Norwegian steamer bound for the Arctic Ocean, his towering stature, massive face, and huge dragoon mustache reproduced so exactly the hero of Khiva and Anatolia that two more inches of height would have made the likeness complete. "I wish my brother had been here too," said he, "for you and he and poor McGahan are almost the only men who've been in Central Asia lately. You've read his book, I suppose? It paid the publishers well, although they gave him £700 for it. But *On Horseback through Asia Minor* (for which he got £2500) didn't do quite so well. I suppose it suffered by the contrast." A week later I looked back from a ledge of rock halfway up the precipice of the North Cape, and saw Burnaby at its foot, deliberately foregoing the climb, for which he had travelled a thousand miles, rather than desert an American lady who would otherwise have been left unattended.

In character, as in person, Frederick and Evelyn Burnaby were much alike. Both had the same gay and chivalrous courage, the same frank good-nature, the same almost boyish love for feats of strength and endurance, so cleverly caricatured by an English writer of the day in his story of "Colonel Mulberry's Balloon Adventure." Among Frederick Burnaby's countless athletic feats was one which no man who witnessed it will easily forget. At a dinner given by some officers of the Guards at the Knightsbridge Barracks, in London, one of the party, by way of a joke, led upstairs into the room two Shetland ponies (unusually small ones, it need hardly be said), whose capers speedily threatened destruction to the table service and everything else within reach. "What on earth shall we do with them?" asked the disgusted joker, dodging a kick from one of his pets. "Shall I carry them down-stairs again for you?" suggested Colonel (then Captain) Burnaby, who was of the party. "I'll bet you what you like that you can't," cried the Guardsman. "Done," answered the Colonel, and taking up the frisky little beasts, one under each arm, he carried them down-stairs into the barrack yard.

To his countrymen as well as to foreigners "Khiva Fred" has always been a unique specimen of the typical Englishman. From the quiet country parsonage that saw his birth on March 3, 1842, to the grim African desert that drank his blood on January 21, 1885, from his school boxing matches at Harrow to the deadly battle in which he died with his hand clinched on the throat of his slayer, he was emphatically the reckless John Bull who gets wet, torn, bruised, starved, and all but killed, "just for the fun of it." One might well have thought that poor Sir William McNaghten, who fell at Cabool in 1841, had bequeathed to young Burnaby his spirit of adventure as well as his money. Penetrating Central Asia "because it was forbidden," scribbling dispatches on a drum-head from the Carlist camp in Spain, seeking Gordon through Africa, threading the perilous gorges of Asia Minor among savage Koords and treacherous Persians, he typified more fully than any man of his time the class so well described by Monckton Milnes:

> "Blending their souls' sublimest needs
> With tasks of every day,
> They went about their greatest deeds
> Like noble boys at play."

David Ker.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It is said that a convict in one of the New York State-prisons has made $10,000 by a hat-pressing machine which he invented. Very likely his success is unusual, but many a man has made more money than that by a hat-pressing machine which came of nature and which he did not invent. Of the two sorts, however, there is no doubt that the one invented by the New York convict is more profitable than the sort that men ordinarily carry about upon their shoulders is apt to be.

It was possible during the last fortnight to go from England to Chicago for nine dollars—eight dollars being the price of a steerage passage across the ocean, and one dollar being the emigrant fare from here to Chicago. In the desire to show who could carry cheapest, the steam-ship and railroad companies had got down to those of course quite unprofitable figures.

Anybody that chooses to may believe that a new seven-story hotel in Pittsburgh is to have in the office a button which, when pressed, will, by means of electricity, arouse all the lodgers, turn on the lights, open all the windows, drop flexible ladders to the street, and cause placards bearing instructions in three languages to rise into view. What a startling thing it would be for the guests if there were such a thing, and if the landlord in his pride of it should occasionally undertake to show the manner of its operation to distinguished visitors in the dead of night, just as the Fire Department here is occasionally called out for the purposes of show!

It is to be hoped that one may doubt without offense the statistician who pretends to have learned what the girls in Vassar College have eaten during the past year. He says 32,000 clams, 1562 gallons of oysters, 111,439 pounds of fresh meat, 90,000 quarts of milk, 457 gallons of apple sauce, and 104 pickles. The last item alone is enough to raise doubt. Either at Vassar they ate no pickles at all, or else the 104 pickles were smuggled in, or else they ate ten thousand times 104 pickles.

There was an interval of four years between the last two marriages in Haverhill, New Hampshire, and a Massachusetts newspaper estimates that at this rate it will take 2500 years to dispose of all the marriageable girls in the town.

Statistics gathered in France during the cholera epidemic of last summer are said really to show that the disease is less fatal to married men than to bachelors. Theorists account for it by saying that the habits of married men are more regular, and that their food is cooked better.

Ninety thousand men run the lumber mills of the United States, it is said, and 135,000 chop down the forests in order to supply them with material. The need of this State is that a good deal less of the material should come from the Adirondacks.

It is reported that the heart of a certain man in Illinois is in the right side of his breast. He ought to be duly grateful for that. It is better to have it there than in the wrong side.

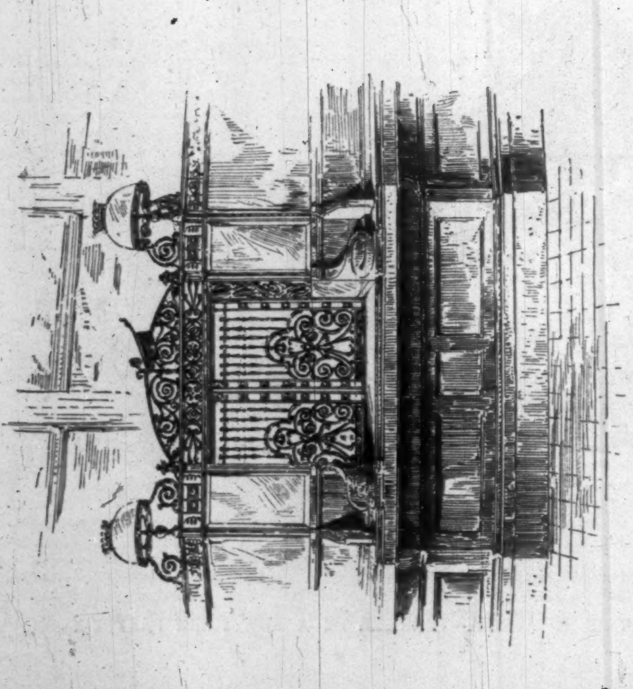
The spectacle of a thousand shovellers and twenty locomotives working for a month in vain in the endeavor to extract a train from a snow-bank in Oregon, suggests that nature, in some parts of the world, is greater than corporations.

The whole public and private deposits in the Bank of England amount to £34,052,479. This is not so much as the estimated private fortune of one American citizen. Still it is the general opinion that the bank has done pretty well.

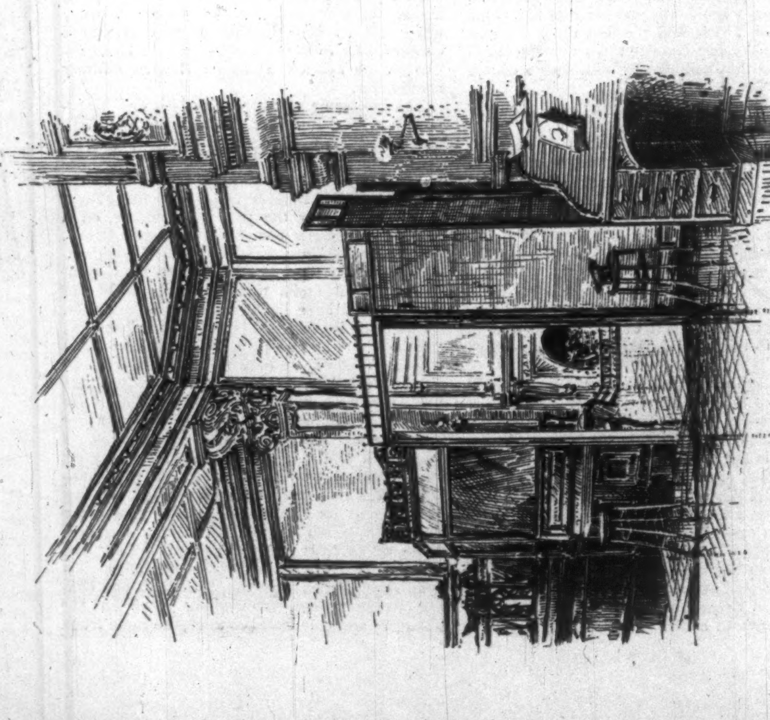
There were harvested in Grass Valley, California, last season, seventeen bushels of the great-grandchildren of a single kernel of wheat which was planted three years ago. The children of the kernel numbered 860, and the grandchildren one-fifth of a bushel.

Many people accustomed to simple and transparent surroundings have been disturbed at meeting in New York and other large cities a species of human being that bears superficial evidences of knowing all things, that moves about among its fellows without apparent interest or curiosity, and that is vexatious by reason of its poise and perfect trousers. It has the irritating faculty of looking as though it would not cry out even if somebody was to pinch it. It is the principal modern expression of a family to which Thackeray devoted pages of description. The London *Truth* says of the cause of it: "An aristocracy is not so much an evil in itself as productive of evil in others. Every one lord makes ten thousand snobs."

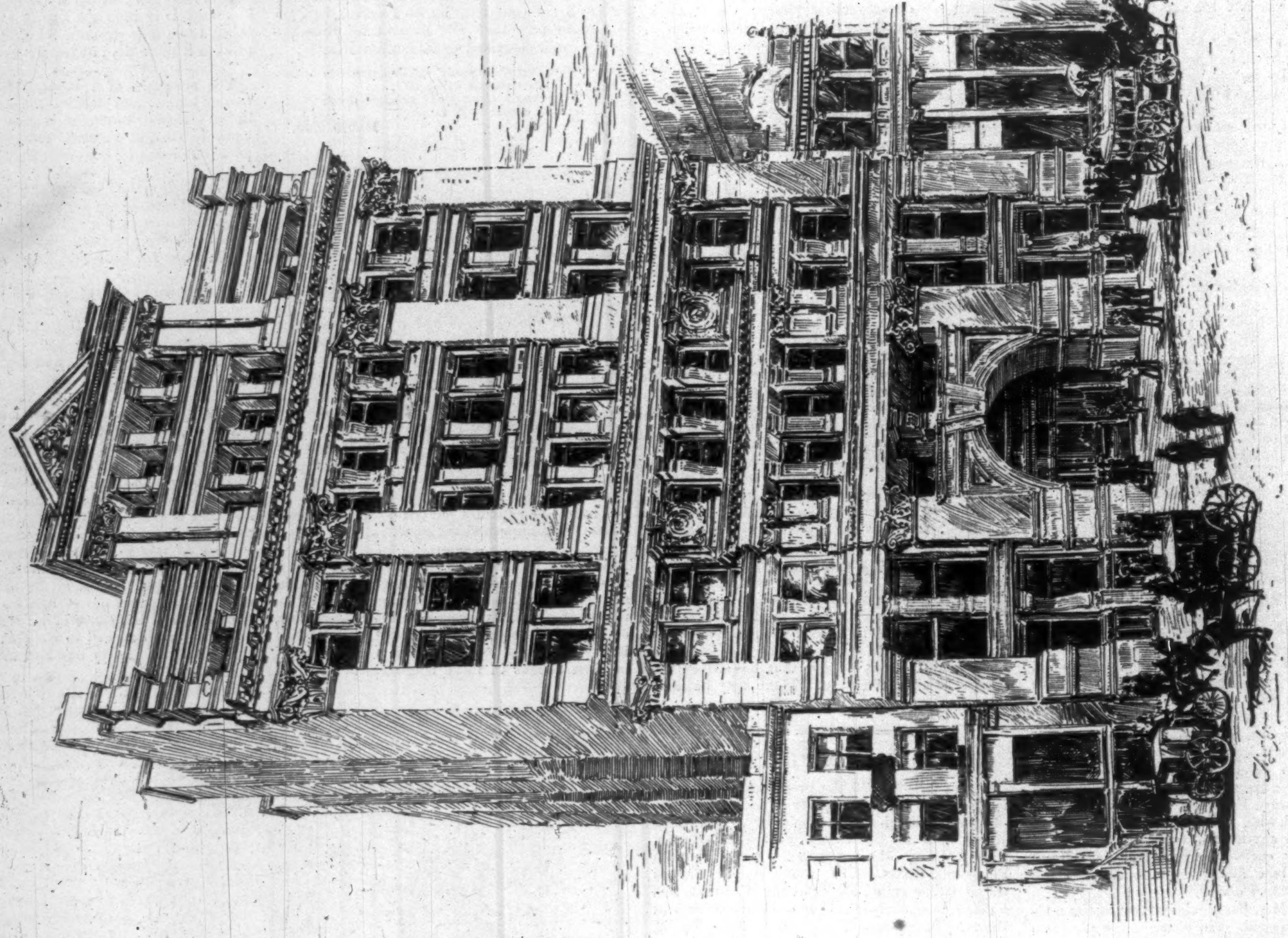
A TRIP TO AFRICA—THERE'LL BE A ROW HERE PRETTY SOON.



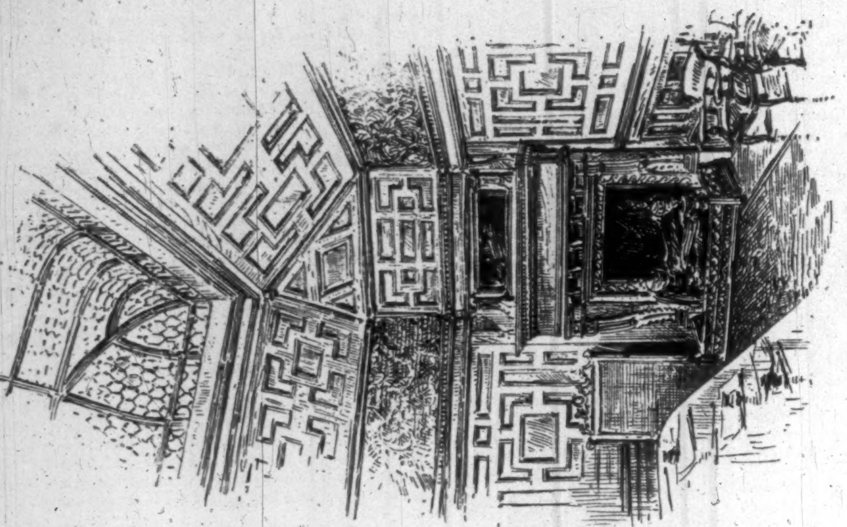
THE TRANSFER OFFICE.



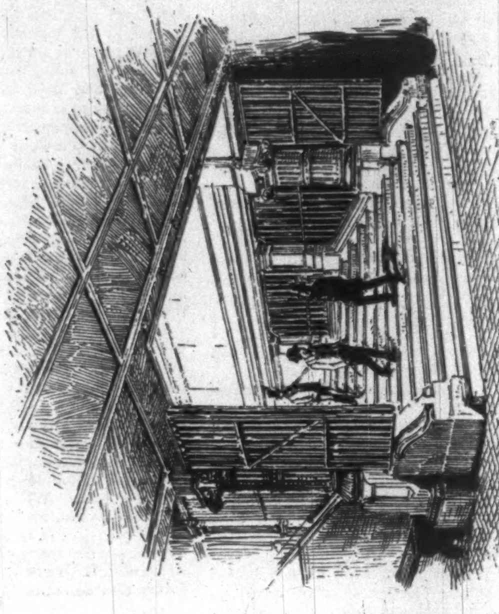
THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM.



THE WALL STREET FRONT.



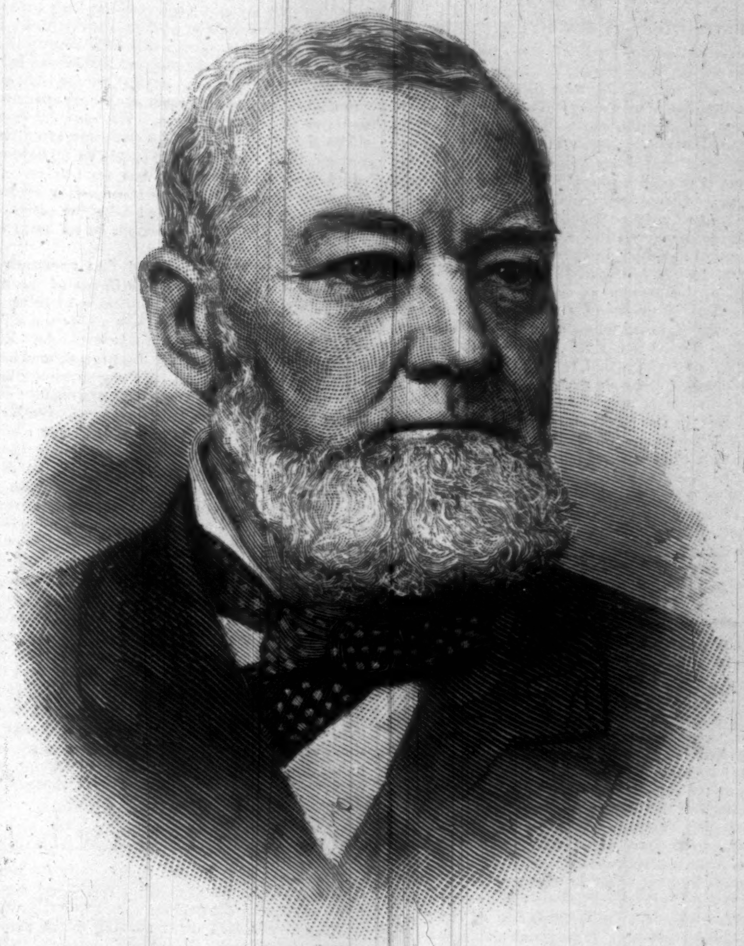
THE DIRECTORS' ROOM.



THE MAIN STAIRCASE.

A NEW WALL STREET BANK BUILDING.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 78.]

COLONEL FRED BURNABY, KILLED AT ABU KLEA.—[See Page 75.]



EX-MAYOR GUNTHER.—Photographed by Fredericks.—[See Page 75.]

WHALING OFF LONG ISLAND.—Drawn by W. P. Bodfish.—[See Page 75.]

## OUR CURRENCY FOR THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

### IV.

### RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

CONGRESS became in 1873–4 the battle-ground of the parties who favored inflation or resumption. It is astonishing and instructive to read the debates of that winter. They show the pernicious miseducation which the paper system had exerted upon public men. The best means of understanding how far we have come toward better notions is to read again what was then said and believed. Congress was ready to do anything. It had apparently no fear at all of making mistakes, and no conviction that the possible consequences of meddling might be serious in the extreme. In the spring of 1874 the winter's work issued in the passage of an act to fix the maximum limit of greenbacks at $400,000,000, and the limit of bank notes at the same amount. Senator Morton said: "A majority of Congress were of the opinion that, to produce a restoration of confidence, a speedy revival of business, and a return to the prosperity which was so suddenly destroyed by the panic, some addition should be made to the volume of the currency." This passage well illustrates the tone of Congress that winter. Congress assumed that it could and must bring back prosperity, that it knew how to do it, and that the way was to give the country a little more currency. The inflation provided for would have been $90,000,000 if it could have been accomplished. President Grant vetoed the bill. Another was then prepared which proposed to withdraw part of the national banks from the North and East and give them to the South and West. This was never accomplished, because it was impracticable. The same act created a "redemption bureau," which has never operated any redemption, but has been very useful in exchanging old and soiled bank notes for fresh and clean ones.

It had been enacted in 1869, "The United States solemnly pledges its faith to make provision at the earliest practicable period for the redemption of the United States notes in coin." Of course this enactment meant much or little according to the force which was given to the phrase "the earliest practicable period." The first legislation for giving effect to it was passed January 14, 1875. This act provided for issuing silver fractional coins to take the place of the paper fractional currency. It removed all limit to the creation of national banks under the conditions already established by law, and allowed banks to surrender their circulation and take up their bonds. For every $100 of new bank-note circulation issued under this act, $80 in greenbacks were to be retired and cancelled, until the greenback issue was reduced to $300,000,000. After January 1, 1879, all outstanding legal-tender notes were to be payable on presentation to the Assistant Treasurer at New York in sums of $50 or over. To carry out this provision any surplus in the Treasury might be used, or bonds might be sold to provide coin.

From 1873 until 1879 the country went through a long and wearing period of liquidation. This period must be regarded as the payment for the war. It was certainly made far heavier for the country than was necessary. If specie payments had been resumed in 1876, far fewer persons would have failed, the losses in bankruptcy would have been far less, and the country would have been three years on its way to new prosperity in 1879. It would, however, have cost a sharp contraction to resume in 1876. As it was, the natural tendency of all the recuperative forces toward a reduction of the currency was so strong that the national bank notes, which alone could be increased or decreased by any voluntary action under the play of interest, were *reduced* and not increased under the act of January 14, 1875. The net reduction in two years following June 20, 1874, was $36,000,000. The period 1873–9 was a period of slow and steady appreciation of the currency, the effect of which on the large debtor class was trying and hard in the extreme. The "greenback" opinion or sentiment was a natural effect upon the minds of the sufferers. Debts which had been contracted at 50, 60, or 70 cents on the dollar had to be paid at 90 or 100 cents, and where the debtor was unable to do this, he lost the savings of a lifetime. The worst of such a situation is that there is no just way of solving it. It is the product of a great error and a great injustice, and every feature of it is wrong. How could the debtors be relieved? By no means which would not have been an indefinite repetition and perpetuation of the error and its consequences for them and for everybody else.

In May, 1878, Congress ordered that no more greenbacks should be retired or cancelled. At that time the operation of the law of January 14, 1875, had reduced the greenbacks to $346,000,000. The law of 1878 ordered that this amount should be maintained, and that greenbacks which came into the Treasury should be re-issued. Every such re-issue is the contraction of a new debt. This law was an acceptance of the notion that a greenback is a thing of substantive value, like a coin. The paper currency was largest in amount in 1874, when it amounted to $777,000,000. January 1, 1879, it was $686,000,000, showing a reduction of less than $100,000,000. The proper and necessary reduction of the paper to secure and maintain resumption has never yet taken place. That is one reason why the country has not yet, since resumption, been able to enter on a period of steady and continued prosperity.

The period of liquidation and preparation for resumption was marked by circumstances of good fortune for the United States which are unparalleled in financial history. The process of buying back a stock of gold with which to resume would have been, under ordinary circumstances, one of severe contraction and declining prices, with large exports of home products at unfavorable prices. Instead of that, it so happened that the crops failed in Europe for a series of years just at that time, while our own crops were exceptionally large, so that we sold large crops at high prices, and secured resumption without any distress. If we compare our case with that of a country like Italy, possessing an old and exhausted soil, heavily taxed, and with little capital, we see what an exertion it may cost to resume specie payments, and how fortunate we were. We have not even taken the effort to secure resumption after the currency had been raised to specie value, beyond which point "contraction" has no terrors. If the Treasury should buy greenbacks with its surplus specie, the specie would take the place of the greenbacks, and there would be no harm to anybody.

As soon as it was believed that resumption was seriously intended, all the forces of the industrial system began to co-operate to bring it about. It produced no panic at all, as the soft-money men had predicted that it would do. Enterprise re-awakened, as the hard-money men had predicted that it would do. So long as the market was unsettled, no one would venture on new enterprises. As soon as specie value was reached, there was a basis for new enterprise. The credit of the government improved immediately upon resumption, and upon the cessation of the discussion of mischievous financial projects. It was found possible to refund the debt on very advantageous terms, and to greatly reduce the burden of it, albeit the taxes are kept up, and the people are not allowed to enjoy the benefit of the reduced burden of the debt. The credit of corporate and private enterprises also rose, and capital poured into the country. This last movement held the exchanges favorable to us, and protected our gold supply, which otherwise we could not have retained. Why, then, should we have seen only three years of prosperity, followed by two years of renewed depression? It certainly must be that we have failed to understand some of the economic laws under which we are living, and have transgressed them by our devices.

W. G. SUMNER.

## RAILROADING FARM WAGONS.

THE completion of the Pacific railways practically brought the vast grain fields and metal veins of the far West from one to two thousand miles nearer New York, according to the extent of time annihilated. This thought occurred to Superintendent BARTON, of the Long Island Railway, as he saw the farmers driving their produce from the eastern end of the island. The horses seemed overworked, and a journey of sixty miles could not easily be made in less than eight hours. The philosophic superintendent conceived a scheme which included both relief to the farmers and profit for the railway. He proposed to the farmers that he should run a special train from the eastern to the western terminus of the road, and take their loaded wagons and animals on board. The proposition provoked laughter. Then the philosopher proposed that the farmers should make several trial trips free of expense. One day, a short time since, a special train stopped at Albertson, and found ten farmers and their loads in waiting. The wagons were put on flat cars, and the horses in box cars, arranged with some reference to their comfort. The train made a run of sixty miles in an hour and a half. The farmers arrived at the market with their horses fresh, and themselves in a good frame of mind, ready to do a better day's work than they could have done otherwise. When they returned home they told the story to all their neighbors. As a result, the eastern end of the island was elated. On the second trial trip, although it rained dismally, twenty-three loads of produce were in waiting, and a great many people witnessed the transfer, which occupied one hour's time.

Three special trains per week have been put on the road, leaving the eastern terminus at 3.30 P.M., and arriving at the ferry at five o'clock. Some thirty farmers are already patronizing the line, paying four dollars each for one round trip. The eastern end of the island is thus brought as near New York for the vegetable and produce raisers as the western end. Land can be had on the east end at twenty-five dollars per acre, and it is believed that, being now so near New York, the sparsely settled portions will soon become populated. Meantime, great indignation prevails among the produce raisers near New York, who threaten to derail the special train. The keepers of the saloons along the old route of the farmers are especially indignant.

## A NEW COMMERCIAL PALACE.

THE commercial palaces grow more and more palatial with each decade. The little granite temples in which the banks of New York were housed forty years ago, and the iron sash frames which formed their façades twenty years ago, are alike giving way to buildings far larger and more luxurious, and possessing, many of them, architectural individuality and interest. One of the most striking, and perhaps the most sumptuous, of all our commercial buildings is that which has been built for the joint occupancy of the Merchants' National Bank and the Bank of the Manhattan Company. The front, of seven stories, or eight, including the crowning attic, is all of marble and polished granite, the latter material being much more profusely used than in any other building, and used, also, not at random, but with a distinct architectural intention. The architect has relied for his effect upon broad division into a few principal parts large enough to be impressive, and has left the main features of construction in plain marble, setting his subdivisions into this great frame, and discriminating them by the use of polished granite. The frontage is so ample as to relieve the building of the stilted look which so many elevator buildings attain, because altitude is cheaper in the business centre of the city than either of the other dimensions which are required for architectural dignity.

The whole of the lower division, including the basement, excepting the capitals of the massive piers, is polished, while above, the outer and the intermediate piers that constitute the skeleton are plain, the mullions and their lintels polished. The main story accommodates, one on each side of the central archway, the banks which have combined to erect the structure. A wise liberality in the use of one of the most costly building sites in the United States has governed the interior arrangements. An ample skylight, with a clear well open to the sky, occupies the centre of each banking room, dispensing with the artificial light by which most of the business of Wall Street is carried on, while the offices above are rendered far more attractive and valuable by the daylight admitted to them than they could have been if the architect, Mr. WHEELER SMITH, had economized space by rendering it uninhabitable, according to the method which formerly prevailed in New York. The offices are accessible from elevators in the rear of the banks, and also from a metal staircase which is itself a striking piece of design. The "finish" is unusually luxurious. The main corridors are wainscoted in polished white marble, and a novel use is made of the same material in the ceilings of these corridors, in which stout frames of polished metal carry the marble panels. The span is so moderate as to make this simple construction evidently as well as actually quite feasible, and it is as effective as it is novel. The interior of the building is throughout noticeable for the costliness and completeness of its appointments.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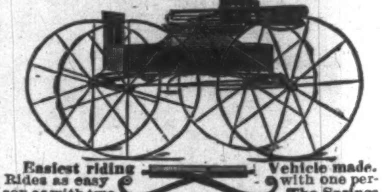

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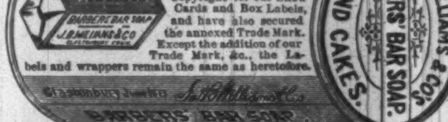


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